

TEROR



NO. 26
OCT - NOV

16 1p

TALES

FROM THE

CRYPT

Good



10¢

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

QUICKLY! LIFT OUT HIS
COFFIN! HE DOESN'T BELONG
IN OUR SACRED GRAVEYARD!
HE DESECRATES THE VERY
GROUND IN WHICH HE'S
BURIED!



OUTRAGEOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

T
E
R
R
O
R



NO. 10
DEC



200
275
CANADA

TALES FROM THE CRYPT



FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



BACK ISSUES!!

THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE **FAMOUS (AND INFAMOUS!) EC COMICS** LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE **FIRST ISSUE** OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE **BITTER END!** GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND **FILL IN THE GAPS** IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!!



CRYPT #1



CRYPT #2



CRYPT #3



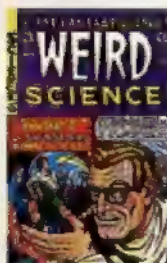
CRYPT #4



CRYPT #5



CRYPT #6



W SCI #1



W SCI #2



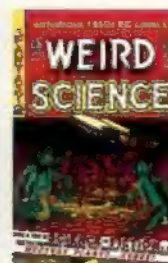
W SCI #3



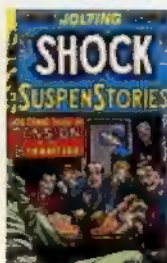
W SCI #4



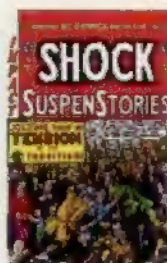
W SCI #5



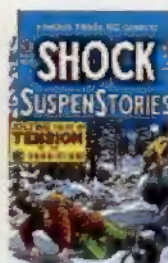
W SCI #6



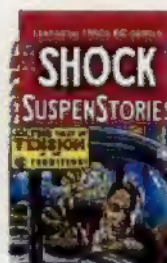
SHOCK #1



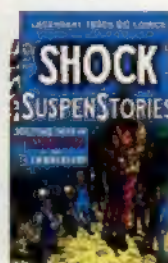
SHOCK #2



SHOCK #3



SHOCK #4



SHOCK #5



SHOCK #6

EACH 32-PAGE COMIC REPRINTS THE COVER AND ENTIRE STORY CONTENT OF ITS 1950s PREDECESSOR, IN FULL COMIC BOOK COLOR IN STANDARD COMIC BOOK FORMAT. THEY ARE RELEASED ON QUARTERLY SCHEDULES. OTHER TITLES IN THE LINE ARE: **VAULT**, **WEIRD FANTASY**, **TWO-FISTED TALES**, **HAUNT**, **WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY** AND **CRIME!** THE BACKLIST ON EVERY TITLE REPRESENTS THE SAME ISSUE SPAN AS THOSE ILLUSTRATED ABOVE. SEE THE AD IN THIS COMIC TO **SUBSCRIBE** TO ANY OR EVERY TITLE!

WHEN ORDERING PLEASE IDENTIFY AS **32-PG TITLE ISSUE #?**; FOR EXAMPLE "32PG SHOCK #1," 32PG CRYPT #1, \$3 EACH (SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY); ALL OTHERS UP THRU #3, \$1.50 EACH; ALL TITLES ISSUE #4 AND UP \$2 EACH. INCLUDE \$5 PER ORDER FOR S&H (\$10 OUTSIDE US).

US FUNDS ONLY

MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6.225% SALES TAX

GEMSTONE PUBLISHING 417-256-2224

OR TO ORDER CALL 1-800-EC CRYPT AND ASK FOR THE ORDER DESK. USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

MARYLAND RESIDENTS MUST ADD 5% SALES TAX

POB 469 WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

Tales from the Crypt (USPS 008808) Vol. 1, No 10, December 1994, published quarterly in September, December, March and June by Gemstone Publishing, 202 Ald, West Plains, MO 65775-3632. Second-class postage paid at West Plains, MO. Entire contents © 1994 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. Tales from the Crypt #26 © 1951 by I.C. Publishing Co., Inc., re © 1979 by William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc. All rights reserved. Nothing herein contained may be reproduced without the written permission of William M. Gaines, New York, New York. Annual subscription rate \$8 (\$12 outside US payable in US funds). Printed in U.S.A. Postmaster: send address changes to Tales from the Crypt, Russ Cochran, PO Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775-0469.

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELCOME TO THE *CRYPT OF TERROR*, HORROR FIENDS! YES, IT'S *ME* AGAIN... *THE CRYPT-KEEPER!* ONCE MORE I AM YOUR HOST IN MY MAD-MAG, *TALES FROM THE CRYPT!* FOR MY FIRST OFFERING, I HAVE CHOSEN... FROM MY VAST COLLECTION OF *TERROR YARNS* THAT I KEEP IN MY *CRYPT*... A FAVORITE OF MINE! IT'S A *CHILLING* STORY OF *VOODOO* AND *REVENGE!* I CALL THIS LITTLE EPIC...

DRAWN AND QUARTERED!



MY STORY BEGINS ON THE ISLAND OF HAITI... IN THE CITY OF PORT-AU-PRINCE! IN A HOT, DIRTY, SPARSELY FURNISHED APARTMENT THAT HAS BEEN CONVERTED TO A STUDIO, A YOUNG AMERICAN... AN ARTIST... STANDS BEFORE HIS EASEL, PAINTING A SELF-PORTRAIT...

THERE! ALMOST FINISHED! A *PERFECT* LIKENESS OF MYSELF! MY *BEST* PIECE OF WORK! AH! WHAT'S THE *USE!* IT'LL BE LIKE ALL MY *OTHER* PICTURES! SCORNE... CRITICIZED... *WORTHLESS*...

THE YOUNG ARTIST YOU ARE WATCHING IS **MAX MOOR**. HE IS A RECENT ARRIVAL IN HAITI! HE HAS SPENT HIS LAST PENNY TO COME HERE! BACK HOME IN THE STATES, **MAX** WAS A FAILURE! **FENTON BREEDLY**, THE ART CRITIC, SAID HIS WORK WAS **POOR**. **ARTHUR GREEN**, THE ART DEALER, COULDN'T SELL A PICTURE! AND SO, **LAWRENCE DILANT**, THE FAMOUS ART COLLECTOR, HAD BOUGHT UP EVERY PAINTING THAT MAX HAD DONE, **CHEAP**! IT HAD BEEN ENOUGH TO BRING MAX HERE... TO **HAITI**!... THE ISLAND OF **VOODOO**!



LATER, IN A SMALL INSECT-RIDDEN BAR, MAX SITS DEJECTEDLY AT A TABLE...

MAX! MAX MOOR! YOU OLD GENIUS...

BOB! BOB DICKSON! WHAT A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!



THE NEWCOMER GREETS MAX WITH A WARM HANDSHAKE AND SITS DOWN.

SAY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? **ROUGHING IT?** YOU ARTISTS ARE ALL ALIKE! **SHABBY CLOTHES...**

IF I COULD AFFORD BETTER I'D BUY IT, **BOB!**



DON'T GIVE ME **THAT**, MAX! ANY ARTIST WHO GETS **FIVE GRAND** A PICTURE...

WHAT IN BLAZES ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I NEVER SOLD A PICTURE FOR MORE THAN **FIFTY BUCKS** BACK IN THE STATES!



THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** I SAW ONE OF YOUR PAINTINGS GO FOR **FIVE GRAND!** IT WAS AT THE **ARTHUR GREEN GALLERIES!** **LARRY DILANT** SOLD IT...

BUT... **BREEDLY!** **FENTON BREEDLY**, THE CRITIC, SAID MY PAINTINGS WERE **BAD**... SHOWED **NO TALENT!**



YEAH? WELL, **FENTON BREEDLY** CHANGED HIS MIND! HIS COLUMNS CALL YOU A **GENIUS**... A **MASTER!** SAW... YOU STILL HAVE YOUR WORK, DON'T YOU?

THAT'S JUST IT! I SOLD THEM ALL... **EVERY PICTURE...** TO **LARRY DILANT**...



SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'VE BEEN TAKEN FOR A **RIDE**, MAX!

BOB! CAN YOU LET ME HAVE SOME **MONEY?** I... I'LL NEED IT... TO **BUY MY REVENGE**...



AND SO, LATE THAT NIGHT, MAX MOOR LEAVES PORT-AU-PRINCE AND TRAVELS INTO THE JUNGLES OF HAITI... FOLLOWING THE SOUND OF THE VODOO DRUMS! SOON HE REACHES A CLEARING! DARK-SKINNED NATIVES ARE DANCING AND CHANTING...



MAX IS LED INTO A THATCHED HUT WHERE A WRINKLED OLD NATIVE HUDDLES OVER A SMALL FIRE...



AFTER MAX TELLS THE OLD NATIVE HIS STORY...



THE WRINKLED OLD MAN PUTS A SMALL POT UPON THE FIRE AND BEGINS A WEIRD CHANT! THEN HE TURNS TO MAX...



MAX HESITATES! HE STARES DOWN AT THE FOUL-SMELLING, GURGling, STEAMING CONTENTS IN THE POT! SUDDENLY HE PLUNGES HIS RIGHT HAND INTO THE BUBBLING BREW...



MAX CURSES THE OLD MAN FOR CHEATING HIM AND STAMPS OUT OF THE HUT! LATER... IN HIS SHABBY STUDIO... MAX PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON HIS SELF-PORTRAIT...



BLASTED NATIVE! I MUST HAVE BEEN *CRAZY* TO THINK I COULD GET *REVENGE* WITH *VOODOO*...

THAT NIGHT, MAX CANNOT SLEEP! FINALLY HE GETS OUT OF BED... SITS DOWN AT THE TABLE... AND IDLY BEGINS TO SKETCH THE VASE THERE...



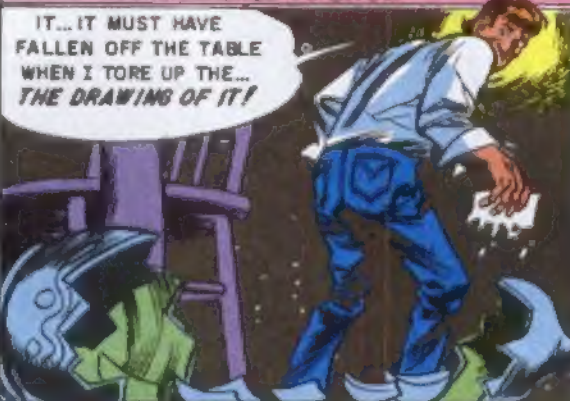
I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE STATES... AND GET THOSE DIRTY...

ANGRILY MAX RIPS THE DRAWING OF THE VASE FROM HIS SKETCH PAD AND TEARS IT INTO TINY PIECES...



THEY OWE ME *PLENTY*! IF THEY DON'T COME ACROSS, I'LL TEAR EACH OF THEM LIMB FROM LIMB LIKE THIS...

SUDDENLY THERE IS A CRASH BEHIND MAX! HE SPINS AROUND! THE VASE HE HAD BEEN DRAWING IS LYING ON THE FLOOR... SMASHED TO BITS...



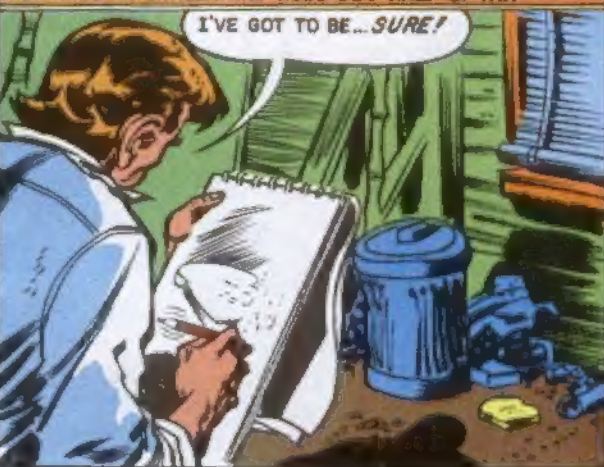
IT... IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF THE TABLE WHEN I TORE UP THE... THE DRAWING OF IT!

MAX STARES IN HORROR AT THE PIECES OF PAPER IN HIS HAND...



IT... IT'S... *VOODOO*!

SWIFTLY, MAX SKETCHES THE CRUST OF BREAD THAT LIES ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO THE GARBAGE CAN! THEN HE TAKES AN ERASER AND RUBS OUT HALF OF IT...



I'VE GOT TO BE... *SURE*!

FOR A FULL MINUTE, MAX STARES AT THE CRUST OF BREAD! NOTHING HAPPENS! THEN, SUDDENLY, A HUGE RAT DARTS OUT FROM BEHIND THE GARBAGE CAN AND BEGINS TO DEVOUR THE BREAD...



IT DOES WORK! IT DOES!

THE RAT, STARTLED BY MAX'S EXCLAMATION, DARTS AWAY... LEAVING HALF OF THE CRUST UNEATEN...THE SAME HALF THAT STILL REMAINS ON THE PAPER IN MAX'S SKETCH PAD! SUDDENLY MAX GASPS! ON THE EASEL... WATCHING HIM... IS...

GOOD LORD! MY *SELF-PORTRAIT!*
I FINISHED IT *TONIGHT!* I...
WONDER...



MAX TAKES HIS PALETTE KNIFE AND SCRATCHES A SMALL NICK IN THE PORTRAIT'S CHEEK! THEN HE SITS DOWN TO WAIT! NOTHING HAPPENS! SOON MAX'S HEAD BEGINS TO NOD! SLEEP CREEPS UPON HIM! THEN, AS HE DOZES OFF... HE TOPPLES FORWARD.



THE FALL AWAKENS HIM! HE LIES SPRAWLED, FACE DOWNWARD ON THE FLOOR! THERE IS A BURNING SENSATION ON HIS CHEEK! MAX PUTS HIS HAND TO HIS FACE AND FEELS SOMETHING WET AND STICKY... *BLOOD!*

I... I CUT MY FACE ON
THE *BROKEN VASE*
WHEN I FELL...



MAX STARES WIDE-EYED IN HORROR AT HIS SELF-PORTRAIT! IT SEEMS TO BE SMILING AT HIM...



OH LORD! MY PORTRAIT
IS *VOODOO, TOO!* I
CAN'T DESTROY IT!
I'VE GOT TO PRO-
TECT IT FROM
HARM!

THEN MAX BEGINS TO LAUGH...

BUT... WHAT *POWER* I HOLD, NOW!
WHAT *REVENGE* I CAN HAVE! ANY
PICTURE I DRAW IS *VOODOO!*
ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS TO THE
PICTURE HAPPENS TO THE
ORIGINAL SUBJECT!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, WITH A LOAN FROM BOB DICKSON, MAX FLIES TO NEW YORK... HIS PRECIOUS SELF-PORTRAIT UNDER HIS ARM...

FIRST THING I'VE GOT TO DO IS
PUT THIS PORTRAIT WHERE IT
WILL BE *SAFE!*



MAX GOES STRAIGHT TO HIS OLD STUDIO APARTMENT BUILDING! HARRY HALLEY, HIS EX-LANDLORD WHO HAD THROWN HIM OUT FOR NON-PAYMENT OF RENT, ANSWERS THE DOOR...

WELL! MAX MOOR! I SUP-
POSE YOU WANT YOUR OLD
STUDIO BACK, EN? WELL, IF
YOU PAY ME THE *BACK*
RENT... YOU CAN HAVE
IT!

HERE'S YOUR *BACK*
RENT AND A MONTH
IN ADVANCE...



THEN MAX BUYS A SAFE... LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD HIS SELF-PORTRAIT...

THERE! NOW I CAN BEGIN TO TAKE MY REVENGE! MY PORTRAIT WILL BE SAFE IN THERE!



MAX TAKES A SHEET OF DRAWING PAPER AND SKETCHES A PICTURE OF HARRY HALLEY, THE LANDLORD...

ONCE YOU KICKED ME OUT, MR. HALLEY... WHEN I WAS BROKE!



MAX TAKES AN ERASER AND RUBS OUT ONE OF MR. HALLEY'S LEGS...

WELL, NOW... YOU'LL KICK NO MORE...



SUDDENLY, OUTSIDE... THERE IS A SHRIEK OF BRAKES AND A SCREAM OF PAIN! MAX GOES TO THE WINDOW! ON THE STREET, A CROWD HAS GATHERED! MR. HALLEY... MAX'S LANDLORD... HAS BEEN RUN OVER BY A CAR...



HIS LEG IS CRUSHED! WE'LL HAVE TO AMPUTATE!

THEN, MAX TAKES A NEW SHEET OF PAPER AND DRAWS THE FACE OF FENTON BREEDLY... THE ART ORG...

SO YOU LIED TO ME, EH, BREEDLY? YOU LOOKED AT MY PICTURES AND SAID THEY WERE NO GOOD, EH? WELL...



MAX TAKES AN ERASER AND ERASES THE EYES ON BREEDLY'S PORTRAIT...

WELL... NOW YOU'LL NEVER SEE ANOTHER PICTURE AGAIN...



FAR ACROSS THE CITY... FENTON BREEDLY SCREAMS IN PAIN! HIS WIFE HAS JUST FLUNG ACID AT HIS FACE...

AAAAAAHHH!

THERE! THAT WILL FIX YOU! NOW MAYBE YOU'LL SPEND MORE TIME WITH ME! NOW, MAYBE YOU WON'T BE SUCH A LADIES' MAN!



ON A THIRD SHEET OF PAPER, MAX DRAWS A LIKENESS OF ARTHUR GREEN... ART DEALER...

YOU LIED TO ME, ARTHUR! YOU TOLD ME MY PICTURES WERE WORTHLESS... THAT YOU COULDN'T SELL THEM! THEN YOU DID... WHEN THEY WERE NO LONGER MINE...



WITH THE ERASER, MAX OBLITERATES ARTHUR'S HANDS...

THAT WAS AN UNDERHANDED TRICK, GREEN! YES! UNDERHANDED! SO... NO HANDS FOR YOU, ANYMORE!



IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE GREEN GALLERIES, ARTHUR SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR... SHRIEKING IN PAIN...

SOMEBODY GET AN AMBULANCE! MR. GREEN JUST CAUGHT HIS HANDS IN THE BIG MATT-CUTTER.



IN HIS STUDIO, MAX MOOR SITS BEFORE HIS SKETCH PAD... GASPING FOR BREATH...

AIR! I NEED AIR! I'M SUFFOCATING! I CAN'T BREATHE!



SUDDENLY MAX REALIZES WHAT IS HAPPENING! HE STUMBLES TO THE SAFE... THE ROOM SPINNING BEFORE HIS EYES...

AIR TIGHT... SAFE! PORTRAIT... SUFFOCATING! GOT TO... GET IT... OUT... INTO THE AIR...



JUST AS EVERYTHING GOES BLACK, MAX MANAGES TO OPEN THE SAFE! HE LIES BEFORE IT, SUCKING IN THE COOL AIR...

GASP... THE SAFE IS NO GOOD! I'VE GOT TO FIND A BETTER SPOT! THE... GASP... PORTRAIT NEEDS AIR...



MAX GOES TO THE CLOSET! HE PUTS THE PORTRAIT INSIDE! IN THE ROOF OF THE CLOSET IS A SKY-LIGHT...

THIS IS A GOOD SPOT! I CAN OPEN THE SKY-LIGHT SLIGHTLY... AND LOCK THE DOOR!



MAX TURNS THE SMALL CRANK THAT OPENS THE SKY-LIGHT TO ADMIT AIR! THEN HE CLOSES THE DOOR! INSIDE THE CLOSET, HIS SELF-PORTRAIT SMILES UP AT THE DAYLIGHT...



THE NEXT DAY, THE NEWSPAPERS
CARRY THE STORIES OF THE UN-
FORTUNATE ACCIDENTS TO HALLEY
AND BREEDLY AND GREEN...

NOW IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SEE
LAWRENCE DILANT...THE MAN
WHO PROFITED THE MOST...BY
BUYING MY PAINTINGS CHEAP
AND SELLING THEM AT A
HIGH PRICE...



AS MAX MOOR LEAVES HIS STUDIO,
UP ON THE ROOF, A SIGN PAINTER
READS HIS PAINTS ON A SCAFFOLD
NUGGING A BILLBOARD...



MAX MAKES HIS WAY DOWN THE STEPS
INTO THE SUBWAY...

IT WON'T TAKE MUCH
FOR ME TO CONVINCE
DILANT TO HAND OVER
SOME OF THE MONEY
THAT'S DUE ME...



UP ON THE SCAFFOLD, THE SIGN-
PAINTER ACCIDENTALLY KICKS A
LARGE CAN OF TURPENTINE...

DRAT IT! THERE
GOES MY TURP!



THE CAN OF TURPENTINE PLUMMETS
DOWNWARD, CRASHING THROUGH
THE SKYLIGHT...



IN THE SUBWAY STATION, A HORRI-
FIED CROWD GATHERS STARING
DOWN AT THE REMAINS OF MAX MOOR
BETWEEN THE RIGID WHEELS OF THE
SECOND CAR OF THE SUBWAY TRAIN...

HE, HE JUST
FELL AS THE
TRAIN PULLED
IN!

GOOD
LORD! LOOK
AT WHAT'S
LEFT OF HIM...



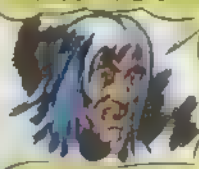
BACK IN MAX MOOR'S STUDIO IN THE CLOSET, THE CAN OF
TURPENTINE THAT CRASHED THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT EMPTIES
OUT, RUNNING DOWN OVER MAX'S SELF-PORTRAIT, HORRIBLY
DISTORTING THE NO LONGER SMILING FACE PAINTED UPON THE
CANVAS...



HEH, HEH! WELL, KIDDIES! THAT'S MY STORY!
DO YOU BELIEVE IN VOODOO, NOW? OF
COURSE, MAX MOOR'S VOODOO POWERS MIGHT
HAVE BEEN A SERIES OF COINCIDENTAL
ACCIDENTS! WHO'S TO SAY? FENTON
BREEDLY IS BLIND! HARRY HALLEY HAS
ONE LEG! ARTHUR GREEN NO LONGER HAS
HANDS! I DON'T THINK WE CAN ASK THEM!
THEY MIGHT BE PREJUDICED! AND POOR
MAX! HE'D BE NO HELP! MAX WAS DOING
ALL RIGHT, TOO, UNTIL THAT SIGN PAINTER
KICKED THE BUCKET! THAT WAS WHEN

MAX DID! WELL! GO
ON TO THE VAULT-
KEEPER! HE'S GOT
ANOTHER HORROR
YARN TO SPIN! AND
IF YOU STILL HAVEN'T
GOT BACK ISSUES, MY

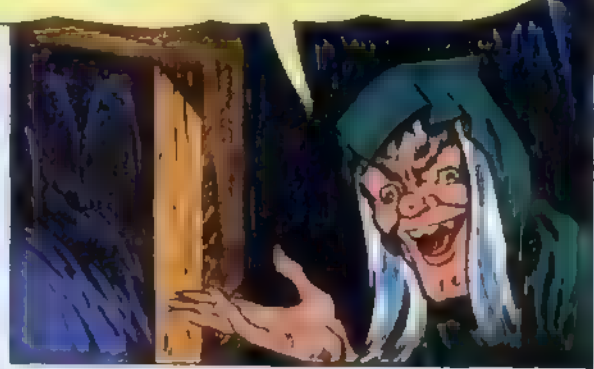
COLUMN, THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER
WILL TELL YOU HOW!



THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! GREETINGS GHOULS! LET ME SEE! WHAT *HORROR STORY* FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION OF *CHILLERS* THAT I KEEP HERE IN MY VAULT CAN I PALPITATE YOUR LITTLE CADAVERS WITH *THIS TIME*? YES, IT'S *ME* AGAIN YOUR *HOST IN HORROR*. *THE VAULT-KEEPER*.! AH, I KNOW! HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL *SPINE-TINGLER* THAT WILL CURDLE THE MARROW IN YOUR BONES! IT'S A FAVORITE OF MINE THAT I AFFECTIONATELY CALL...

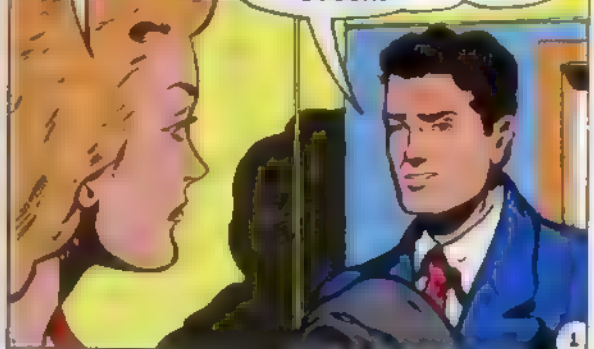
THE BORROWED BODY!

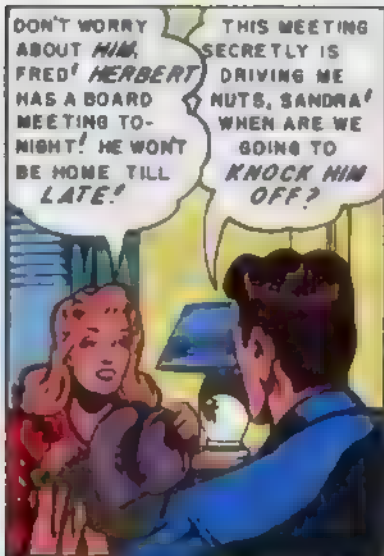


HIGH UP OVER SWANKY PARK AVENUE, IN AN ELABORATELY FURNISHED PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN PACES THE PLUSH CARPETED FLOOR NERVOUSLY... SMOKING CIGARETTE AFTER CIGARETTE! FROM TIME TO TIME SHE GLANCES ANXIOUSLY AT THE FRONT DOOR EXPECTANTLY! FINALLY THE CHIMES STARTLE HER AND SHE RUSHES TO THE DOOR AND FLINGS IT OPEN...

YOU'RE LATE, FRED! COME IN!

YOU'RE *CRAZY*, SANDRA... INVITING ME HERE! IF YOUR HUSBAND FOUND OUT ABOUT US, HE'D DIVORCE YOU IN A MINUTE! THEN WE'D LOSE THE DOUGH!





DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM, FRED! HERBERT HAS A BOARD MEETING TONIGHT! HE WON'T BE HOME TILL LATE!

THIS MEETING SECRETLY IS DRIVING ME NUTS, SANDRA! WHEN ARE WE GOING TO KNOCK HIM OFF?



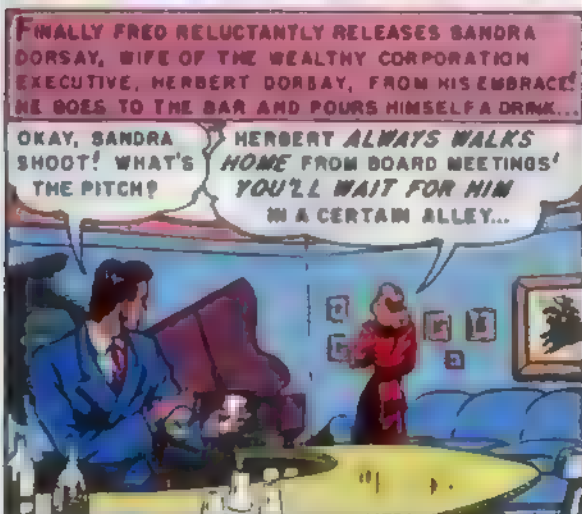
TONIGHT! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER EITHER, FRED! I WANT TO BE RID OF HIM FOR GOOD!

C'MERE, BABY! YOU LOOK RAVISHING, TONIGHT!



NO, FRED! WE'VE GOT A LOT TO TALK ABOUT... PLANS TO MAKE.

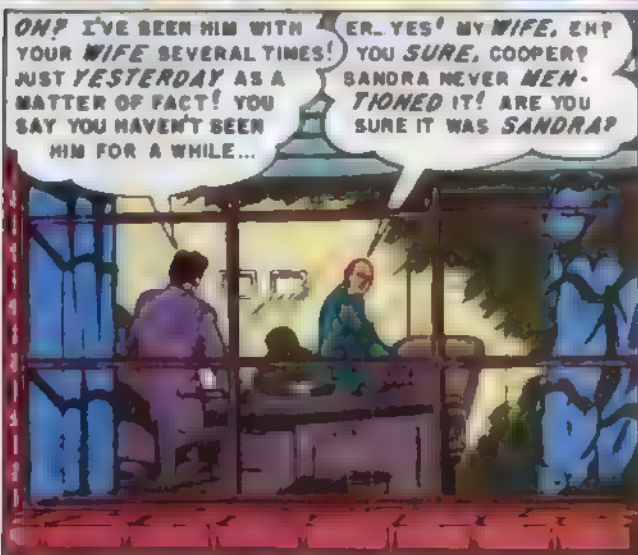
OKAY...AFTER JUST ONE LITTLE KISS...



FINALLY FRED RELUCTANTLY RELEASES SANDRA DORSAY, WIFE OF THE WEALTHY CORPORATION EXECUTIVE, HERBERT DORSAY, FROM HIS EMBRACE! HE GOES TO THE BAR AND POURS HIMSELF A DRINK...

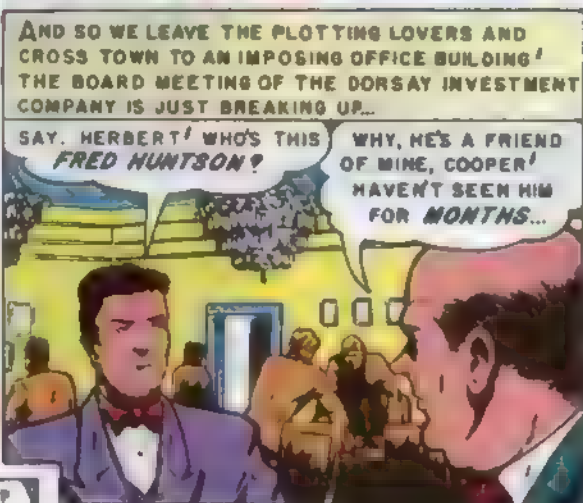
OKAY, SANDRA SHOOT! WHAT'S THE PITCH?

HERBERT ALWAYS WALKS HOME FROM BOARD MEETINGS! YOU'LL WAIT FOR HIM IN A CERTAIN ALLEY...



OH! I'VE BEEN HIM WITH YOUR WIFE SEVERAL TIMES! JUST YESTERDAY AS A MATTER OF FACT! YOU SAY YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR A WHILE...

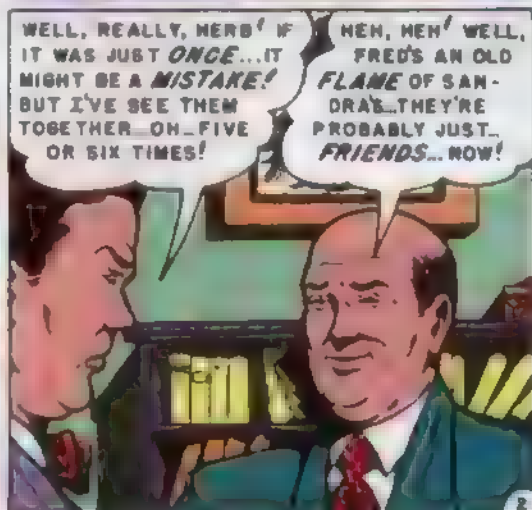
ER...YES! MY WIFE, EMP! YOU SURE, COOPER? SANDRA NEVER MENTIONED IT! ARE YOU SURE IT WAS SANDRA?



AND SO WE LEAVE THE PLOTTING LOVERS AND CROSS TOWN TO AN IMPOSING OFFICE BUILDING! THE BOARD MEETING OF THE DORSAY INVESTMENT COMPANY IS JUST BREAKING UP...

SAY, HERBERT! WHO'S THIS FRED HUNTSON?

WHY, HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE, COOPER! HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR MONTHS...



WELL, REALLY, HERB! IF IT WAS JUST ONCE...IT MIGHT BE A MISTAKE! BUT I'VE SEEN THEM TOGETHER OH...FIVE OR SIX TIMES!

HEH, HEH! WELL, FRED'S AN OLD FLAME OF SANDRA'S...THEY'RE PROBABLY JUST FRIENDS...NOW!

NOW THAT THE SEED OF DOUBT IS PLANTED IN HERBERT DORSAY'S JEALOUS BRAIN, LET'S GO BACK ACROSS TOWN TO THE DORSAY PENTHOUSE, EH?

YOU'D BETTER GO NOW, FRED! GOT EVERYTHING STRAIGHT?

RIGHT! I KNOW THE SPOT! WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM! G'NIGHT, BABY!



SOON AFTER FRED HUNTSON LEAVES THE DORSAY HOME, HERBERT LEAVES THE OFFICE BUILDING...

SURE I CAN'T GIVE YOU A LIFT, HERB?

NO, THANKS, COOPER! I ALWAYS WALK...



DOWN THE DARK DESERTED STREETS BETWEEN THE TOWERING SILENT BUILDINGS HERBERT COMES UPON... THINKING...

SANDRA AND FRED! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! COOPER MUST BE MISTAKEN! STILL...

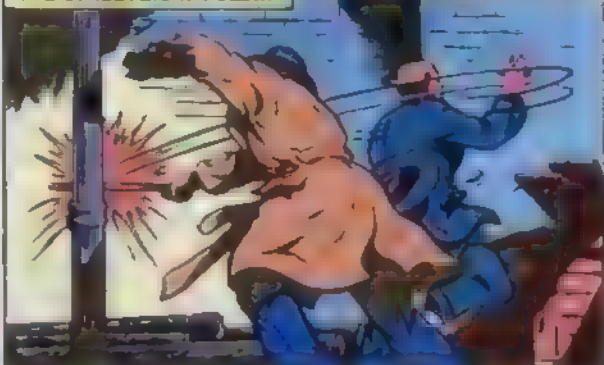


SUDDENLY, AS HERBERT PASSES A DARKENED ALLEY A SHADOWY FIGURE RUSHES AT HIM... A LENGTH OF HEAVY PIPE POISED...

WHAT THE... GOOD LORD!

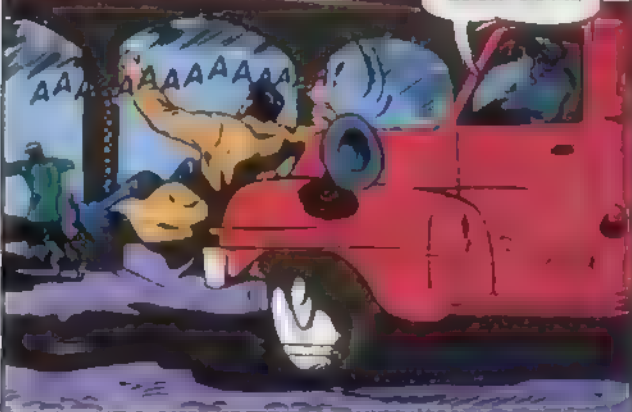


SOMEHOW, HERBERT MANAGES TO SIDE-STEP THE ATTACK AND THE EMPTY SILENCE OF THE DESERTED STREET IS SHATTERED BY THE IMPACT OF THE METAL PIPE AGAINST THE STREETLIGHT POLE...



HERBERT BEGINS TO RUN WILDLY DOWN THE DARK STREET. HIS ATTACKER CLOSE AT HIS HEELS! AS THEY DASH ACROSS AN INTERSECTION, A SPEEDING TRUCK SUDDENLY LOOMS BEFORE THEM... ITS BRAKES SHRIEKING...

LOOK OUT...



HERBERT DORSAY PAUSES, PANTING, AGAINST A BUILDING! THE CONFUSED TRUCK DRIVER GETS OUT OF HIS CAB! BEFORE THE BLOODSTAINED BUMPER OF THE TRUCK, BATHED IN THE BLINDING GLARE OF THE HEADLIGHTS, LIES A STILL FIGURE...

CRAZY FOOL! RAN RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME!

IT... IT'S FRED HUNTSON! HE... HE TRIED TO KILL ME!



HIGH UP IN HER LUXURIOUS PENTHOUSE APARTMENT, SANDRA DOESN'T SMILE TO HERSELF AS SHE ROLLS ON A CHAISE LOUNGE. 'BY NOW, SHE MUSES, IT'S ALL OVER!' SUDDENLY THE DOOR CHIMES WIPE THE SMILE FROM HER LOVELY FACE...



FAR ACROSS THE SLEEPING CITY, AN AMBULANCE SCREAMS INTO THE RECEIVING RAMP OF THE EMERGENCY WING OF A HOSPITAL AND WHINES TO A STOP! A WHITE-SHEETED, BLOOD-STAINED FORM ON A STRETCHER IS REMOVED FROM THE YAWNING REAR DOORS...



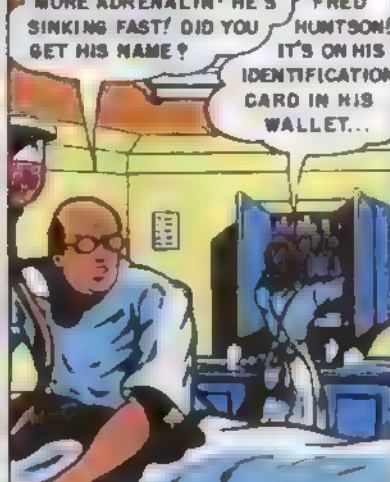
MEANWHILE SANDRA IS OPENING THE PENTHOUSE DOOR...



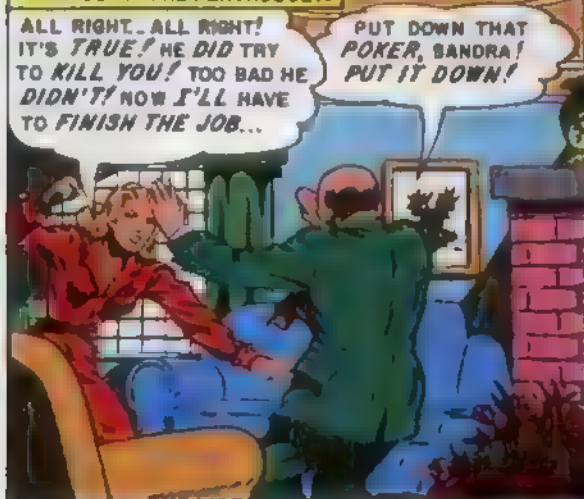
WHY... I... NO, HERBERT! IT'S JUST THAT YOU'RE ALL MUSSSED... UP! WHAT...



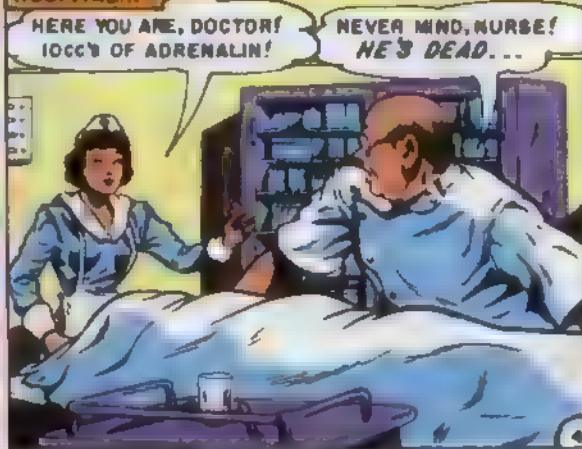
... AS, AT THE HOSPITAL ...



... WHILE AT THE PENTHOUSE ...



AND ACROSS TOWN, IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM OF THE HOSPITAL...



BUT, EXACTLY AT THAT MOMENT,
IN THE DORSAY PENTHOUSE

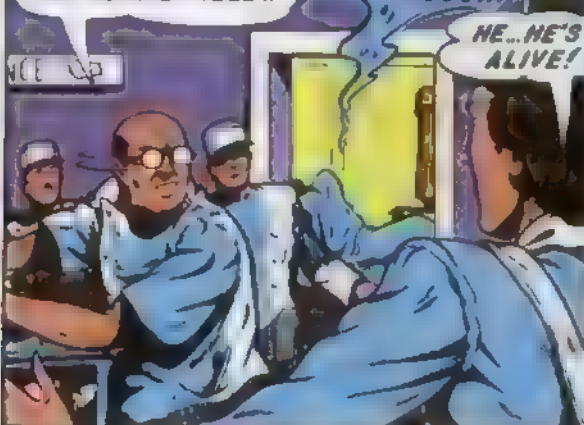


SANDRA STANDS OVER THE
PROSTRATE FORM OF HER HUS-
BAND...



WHILE AT THE HOSPITAL, THE DOCTOR HAS JUST
COVERED FRED HUNTSON'S FACE WITH THE SHEET

TAKE HIM ON DOWN TO
THE MORGUE! WE'LL ...

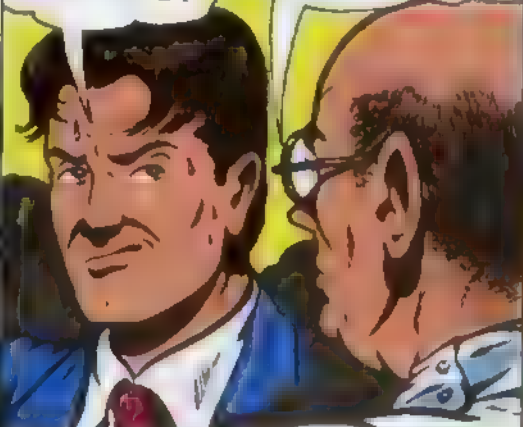


IMPOSSIBLE! HIS
HEART STOPPED!

DON'T... SANDRA! HE'S
DELIRIOUS!



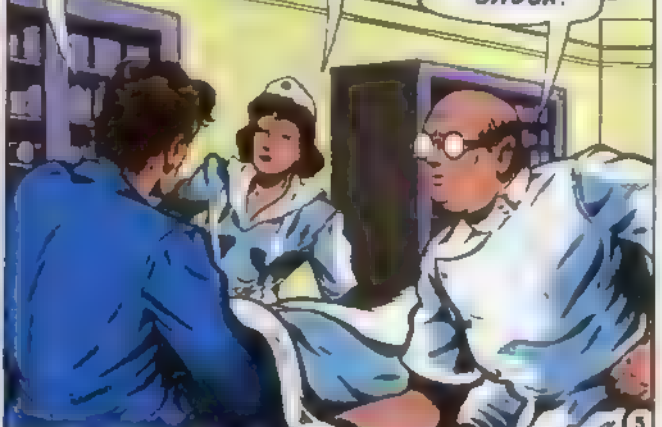
PUT DOWN THAT
POKER... SANDRA!
DON'T DON'T ER
WHERE AM I?



HUNTSON! MY
NAME IS DORSAY!

BUT YOUR
IDENTIFICATION

LET HIM ALONE,
NURSE! HE'S
SUFFERING FROM
SHOCK!



HEH, HEH! WHO WOULDN'T BE SHOCKED, EH, KIDDIES? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WAKE UP IN **SOMEBODY ELSE'S BODY**? YEP! THE EXACT MOMENT THAT **FRED HUNTSON DIED, HERBERT DORSAY WAS MURDERED BY HIS WIFE!** BUT SOMETHING **STRANGE** HAS HAPPENED... SOMETHING **FEELING** HERBERT DORSAY **ISN'T DEAD!** HE'S ALIVE **IN FRED HUNTSON'S BODY!** **ISN'T THIS AN INTERESTING DEVELOPMENT?**



SOON THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE DORSAY PENTHOUSE IN ANSWER TO SANDRA'S FRANTIC CALL...

HE TRIED TO **KILL ME**...SOB! I STRUCK HIM WITH THE **POKER!** I...I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT HIM... SO HARD... SOB...

ALL RIGHT, MRS. DORSAY! **CALM DOWN!** TAKE IT EASY!



THE NEIGHBORS CORROBORATE MRS. DORSAY'S STORY...

YES! WE HEARD THE **WHOLE THING!** THE **BEAST!** HE WAS **BEATING HER...**

SHE **SCREAMED...** BEGGED HIM TO **STOP!** SHE MUST HAVE **HIT HIM...**



SANDRA IS BOOKED FOR MAN-SLAUGHTER BUT IS RELEASED ON BAIL! IT IS ALMOST CERTAIN THAT A TRIAL WILL FIND THAT SHE **KILLED HERBERT** IN SELF DEFENSE! MEANWHILE AT THE HOSPITAL...

TIME FOR YOUR MEDICINE, MR. HUNTSON! I... **HE'S GONE!**



DOCTOR! DOCTOR! MR. HUNTSON...THE PATIENT IN 305! HE'S **GONE**... HIS **BED'S EMPTY!**

IMPOSSIBLE! THE MAN WAS HIT BY A **TRUCK!**



AT HER PENTHOUSE, SANDRA CALLS THE HOSPITAL...

I'M CALLING TO FIND OUT THE CONDITION OF A MR. FRED HUNTSON! I UNDERSTAND HE WAS TAKEN... **WHAT?...GONE?...BUT...**

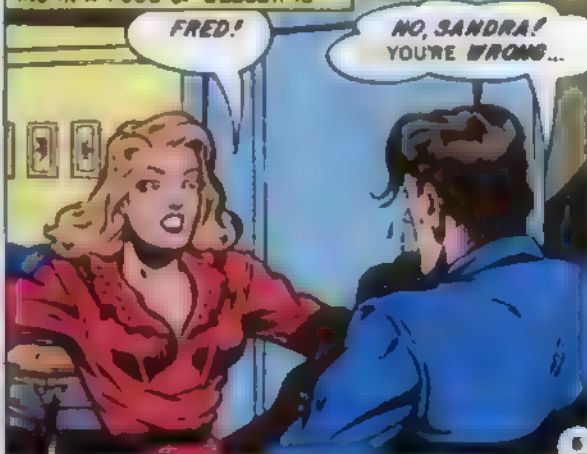
KNOCK KNOCK

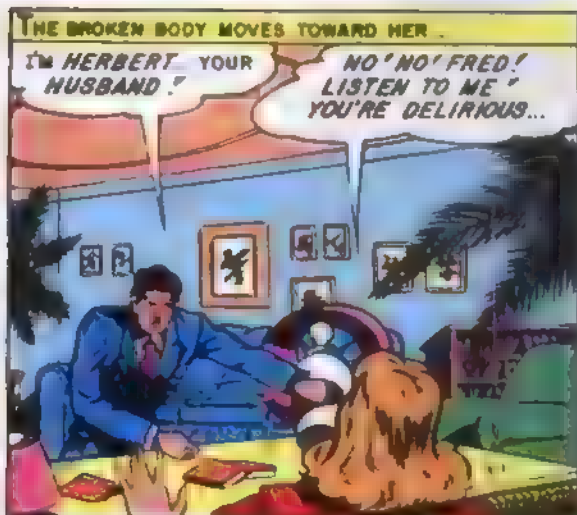


SANDRA OPENS HER PENTHOUSE DOOR! THERE...STANDING IN A POOL OF BLOOD... IS

FRED!

NO, SANDRA! YOU'RE WRONG...

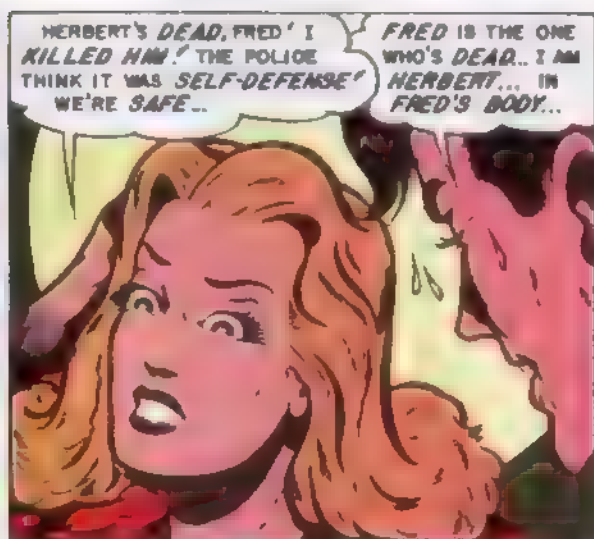




THE BROKEN BODY MOVES TOWARD HER...

I'M HERBERT. YOUR HUSBAND!

NO! NO! FRED! LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE DELIRIOUS...



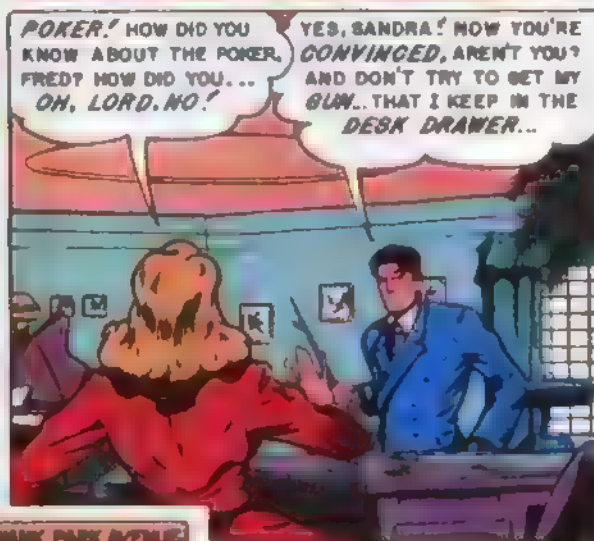
HERBERT'S DEAD, FRED! I KILLED HIM! THE POLICE THINK IT WAS SELF-DEFENSE! WE'RE SAFE...

FRED IS THE ONE WHO'S DEAD... I AM HERBERT... IN FRED'S BODY...



KEEP AWAY FROM ME, FRED! KEEP AWAY! YOU'RE... YOU'RE MAD!

YOU THOUGHT YOU KILLED ME WHEN YOU STRUCK ME WITH THIS POKER... DIDN'T YOU, SANDRA?



POKER! HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THE POKER, FRED? HOW DID YOU... OH, LORD, NO!

YES, SANDRA! NOW YOU'RE CONVINCED, AREN'T YOU? AND DON'T TRY TO GET MY GUN... THAT I KEEP IN THE DESK DRAWER...



OK, GOD! YOU ARE HERBERT! YOU ARE...

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU ALL ALONG...

HIGH UP OVER FRANK PARK AVENUE, FROM THE ELABORATELY FURNISHED PENTHOUSE APARTMENT OF HERBERT AND SANDRA DORSAY, COMES AN EAR-SPLITTING SHRIEK THAT ECHOES OVER THE DARK SILENT BUILDINGS, A SHRIEK OF A WOMAN IN THE THROES OF DEATH



HEH, HEH! AND THAT'S MY TALE, DEAR FIENDS! SANDRA TOOK A LITTLE CONVINCING TO REALIZE THAT IT WAS REALLY HERBERT IN FRED'S BODY! THEN, SHE FINALLY GOT IT... BUT BOOD! THEY FOUND SANDRA'S BODY... AND FRED'S TOO! STONE COLD DEAD! WELL, AFTER ALL, HOW LONG CAN A GUY WHO'S BEEN HIT BY A TRUCK LAST, ANYWAY?

OH, BY THE WAY? IF YOU WANT TO SEE

HOW LONG YOU CAN LAST... JUST SEND FOR BACK ISSUES! THE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET 'EM IS IN THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER!



THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I love your stories. Your stories are better than the Vault-Keeper's. (I think the Vault-Keeper is a stupid idiot.) Goodbye for now, your friend forever,

Michael McKnight Cranston, RI

I love your stories. The Old Witch and The Vault-Keeper are idiots.

Branden Gullioy Beaumont, TX

Are The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch your friends? Tell The Vault-Keeper I said hi and tell The Old Witch she's a bag!

I want some penpals! Your craziest fan,

John Bald 19 Ledge ST
Melrose MA 02176

The story "Scared to Death!" in issue #8 was the best story in that book. The worst story was The Old Witch's, that really sucked. Please print my address.

Dara Conner 7927 Rambler PL
Cincinnati, OH 45231

Five great minds with but a single thought. —CK

I am a big fan of CRYPT and also watch your shows. What I like is that it has scary stories. I think CRYPT should [be] a movie in movie theaters. Then see how many people like it!

Tony Rizer Lima, OH

Don't forget Amicus did a CRYPT and a VAULT during the 70s. People say they're on video, with the VAULT one labeled CRYPT II. —CK

I love the comic CRYPT 7. Are you a girl or a boy? I hate the other creepy comics like THE VAULT OF HORROR. They suck! The only creepy comic I like is yours. You're the best spooker.

Scott Latham Mt Vernon, WA

"Bats in My Belfry!" from CRYPT #8 was a fun story. I recognized "The Living Death!" as Poe's "Facts in The Case Of M. Valdemar" cleverly updated. Graham Ingels was the perfect choice to illustrate this bizarre tale. Poe and Ingels just seem to go together. I'm remembering his fine work on the "Cask Of Amontillado" adaptation "Blood Red Wine!" in Crime #3.

Duncan Reynold's story was a gruesome little tale of a man with a hunger for literature. I wonder what book he was reading, perhaps "Frankenfurterstein"?!

By the way, on "Tales from the Cryptkeeper" the stories are obviously not EC and your face is green. What's the deal with those cartoon guys?

Barry McCollum Alton, IL

Sorry, got no ideas. —CK

CRYPT #8 kicks butt! My favorite stories: "Bats in My Belfry!" (faithfully reprinted in Vol. 1 of the Random House books) and "Scared to Death!". The Old Witch is a major loser. "The Living Death!" is boring and cheap. "Midnight Snack!", predictable and obvious.

In issue #9 you seemed upset because no 14-year-olds wrote to you. So, here I am. Here's what I thought of issue #9.

"The Trophy" Brilliant! Awesome! Loved it! "Judy, You're Not Yourself Today!" Disappointing. The worst story in the book!

"Loved to Death!" Not bad at all, I really liked the ending.

"The Works in Wax!" Excellent! One of the best! Just one problem. Who the *!% is Lucy Borden?

My favorite episode of HBO's "Tales from the Crypt" is "The Switch." When will it appear?

Which issues are "The Reluctant Vampire!" and "Abra Cadaver" gonna be in? If anyone else wants to write, I invite all letters. Until next time.

Myron James RR 4 Box 141
Rockville IN 47872

"Lucy Borden took an ax and gave her mother 40 wacks. When she saw what Lucy done, Lizzy Borden joined the fun."

"The Switch" is in CRYPT 29, yet to come, or get it now in GLAD CRYPT 5. "Reluctant" was in VAULT 9, get it now. "Abra" wasn't the title of an EC story. Give me a two sentence plotline and I'll ID it. —CK

You are my idol. I'm a 14 year old girl. I collect your comics and cards, and I tape your shows, except the ones on FOX on Saturday because they cut all the good parts out! I celebrate Halloween year 'round. I'm a really gory person. I have even developed your sick vocabulary. So when do we start getting some Crypt shirts out???

I give much thanks to John Kasal for bringing you back from the dead on your show. I must say your cards are a real kick in the teeth to find. I would like to hear from Mike Tormey who wrote you a letter in CRYPT #9. I draw a lot. I've been in many art shows. I draw a lot of skulls and corpses. Please print my address. Mike write me! Thanks. CRYPT, for making my life (or death) a gory experience!

Freda Simes 2253 Mithaven LN
Gambriels, MD 21054

And I draw files! Ed says, "T-shirts featuring HBO CK in next catalog. Will have about 6 to choose from. Plus, 1 exclusive to EC Comics." Teeee little geober, isn't he? —CK

I really dug "The Trophy!" In Crypt #8! Your trophy room is the greatest, did you bag them all yourself? In the picture of your trophy room I looks like VK's mouth is sewn shut. Is that the only way you could keep him quiet?

Jim Davis Pullman WA

And still I hear him MUMBLING up there! —CK

I'm a big fan o' yours. I came out from da Fires of Hell just to read your mag. You've been come very popular, or so I heard. You're own show, cartoon cards, and I heard about some toys coming out soon.

Dark Demo

Bottom half of a similar sheet pasted here. Part of the signature was burned off. "Dark Demo..." Hm. Maybe it was "Dark Demosthenes." —CK

I enjoyed reading CRYPT number 7. "Reflection of Death" was a neat idea, having the reader being the person in the story. But then they ruined the illusion by showing the face of the character and then giving him the name Al. The chances of the name of the reader being Al is rather remote, so it would have been better to refer to the character as "you."

The Feldstein cover for CRYPT #9 seemed weak compared to the one that he did for #8. Those covers that require a talk balloon to carry them over are seldom as good as those [without]. You have no doubt noticed that Jack Davis never had balloons in any of his cover illustrations. Davis seemed to be a very versatile artist as he did good work in the war and SF comics as well as in the horror mags.

Warren Standiford Sunnyvale, CA

I have a beach towel, watch, cup holder, poster, two shirts, a pen and the HBO TV show cards of you. I also have some issues of CRYPT. I think the story in #8 ("Scared to Death") was great! Ghoulashly yours

Corey Dollak West Hartford, CT

P.S. I wrote this letter with the Crypt-Keeper pen

Too bad you couldn't E-Mail it through the Crypt.net! —CK

It's good to see something new in the field of comic books today. I mean, there are too many super heroes out there. That is why I like EC comics so much! They are my number ones! So I give EC two skulls up!

Personally, the Crypt-Keeper is the best out of all three! Say hi to the Cryptstar for me!

Eric Johnson Goldsboro NC

I love every EC comic. I especially like your horror comics. I am planning to get the [hardback] COMPLETE CRYPT very soon because I think it is the best horror comic ever made.

Adam Owens Englewood, CO

I am a big fan of you and your show on HBO. If you have a fan club please! please! please! send an application to join. I really, really, really, really would like to join.

Corey Agee Martinsville, VA

We don't operate a fan club, but other fans do! You should see The Vault-Keeper's "Fan Club News" page, which ran in HAUNT, INCREDIBLE SF and CRIME #9 last month! —CK

I noticed that "The Thing From The Sea" in CRYPT #4 is almost identical to "The Upper Berth" By F. Marion Crawford, but no credit was given to him. He wrote it in the 1880s.

I see someone has already noticed the similarity between "Rx. Death" and "White Powder." Also no credit was given. Is it not necessary in comic book stories?

Jack Barnes Dallas, TX

As we've intimated in these pages before, sometimes you borrow an idea and sometimes you borrow the plot it's stored in, too. And sometimes you remember to say thanks, and sometimes you don't. That's business. —CK

I have a question: At the beginning of your TV shows you show the comic book the story is in, I was wondering if you have any of those comic books? The comic book with The Vault-Keeper's face, Old Witch's face and your face.

Chad J. Barr Peachtree City GA



Those are done just for the show. Mike Vosburg did TV Crypt-Keeper at right. Compare to Jack Davis' portrait of me from CRYPT 17. —CK



I'm 12 years old and I never could find the CRYPT comic until I went to sleepaway camp to an outside mail. The comic store only had CRYPT 9.

I think that if you put more blood in your tales it would improve the comics. It would be more realistic.

Jon Estreich New York, NY

When I was 12, we didn't have time to shop at sleepaway camp 'cause we were fighting off predators! —CK

I love your comics! Your stories are wonderful! I love it all the end of your stories when you make funny comments.

Please print my address. People who like your comics can write to me, and I'll write back.

Rosalie Erti, 14 years old 7 Park ST Shortsville, NY 14548

I love your tales, they're so creepy. Your spookier than The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch. How come in your show you're dead but in the comic you're not? Creepingly yours,

Chris Drake Vineland, NJ

Why in the TV show on FOX is the Crypt-Keeper bald and has no skin when the one in the comic book is the total opposite?

Harold Craft Rockaway, NJ

I [am] a fan of your CRYPT reprints. I have also been a fan of the HBO show "Tales from the Crypt" for a while but the only thing from the show I don't like is The Crypt-Keeper; I expected him to be more like the comic books.

Raul Alarcon Houston, TX

I am a bit disturbed by your comments about the Crypt-Keeper's voice on the TV show and the cartoon (as mentioned in CRYPT #9). I can do several voice impersonations very well, but my favorite is the Crypt-Keeper's voice because I can do it excellently (although the laugh is tricky). So if the Crypt-Keeper even needs a back-up vocalist, I'll be hanging around! Any other horror-crazed bolts and ghouls out there? I could use a pen pal, write to me. Pleasant screams.

Jerrold Brito (CK, Jr.) 9371 Anderson ST Thornton, CO 80229

HBO/FOX's CK is a victim of external liposuction! I have no argument with TV-Keeper's voice per se, but it ain't a patch on mine own! —CK

Hi! I'm Trista. When I got done reading CRYPT #7, I loved it. Then I let my friend Tabbie read it. She said it was cool. My favorite story from it was "Voodoo Death!" How old are you? This is my first letter. I hope you like it. Well see you!

Trista Whitesell, age 8

Anderson IN

I am old enuf to appreciate a well-written, well-spelled legible letter from a young person, especially when they are SO young! Congratulations! —CK

I got my first EC comics a couple weeks ago. I'm 9 years old. I'm your #1 fan. My favorite story in the book is "Bats in My Belfry!". I agree with Jarid Brewer. OW sucks big time. They should take my advice and shoot VK right between the eyes. They should have an EC comic that only has you and your stories. I gotta go now.

Luke Torgnison

Bozeman, MT

Bad news! Shooting VK in the head doesn't even make him angry (it does get his attention). I know, I tried it. And I want my bullet back! —CK

I love your show! I watch it whenever it's on. I just got my first CRYPT comic and pack of cards. I love them! I brought them to school and everybody wanted to look at them! Me and my friend decided to start a Crypt Club! It will be amazing! I love your attitude! I can't believe my sister doesn't like you! I'm 11 years old.

Zack Griles

Newmarket ON

Get with it, Sle! —CK

My name is Matt Smith. I am ten years old. I wrote to you before. I have some questions to ask you. 1) Do you like Mortal Kombat guys? 2) Are you rich? If you are could you send me a CRYPT comic? 3) Did you ever kill somebody? 4) Do you like to play sports? 5) Can you send me a picture of yourself? And sign your name on it? I know I am asking for a lot, but it would be real nice if you did.

I have two more questions to ask you. A) What is your favorite animal? B) Do you like Beavis and Butthead?

Matt Smith

Utica, NY

1) I like them, but foresee no long term relationships. 2) Sure, I'm rich! And, I got that way by NOT giving away comics! 3) Someone peeked! 4) I played basketball for the NY Yankees football team in 1988. 5) Why should I learn to write just for you? A) I don't like animals. B) Didn't I just answer that? —CK

I just love your comics. My brother has [hardbacks?] books of you! My favorite issue is CRYPT #9. I would love a pen pal! Also, can you give me a free comic and I will give you a story called "The Switch." But you have to give me the comic first, ok?

Jeremy Rainer

6A Lee ST
Forest LK, MI 56025

Blackumali, eh? Well, EC already has a story titled "The Switch" (see above), so you'll have to up the ante to get a freebie outa me! Heh, heh! —CK

I just read CRYPT #9. It was cool. Two tales in that issue were adapted by the HBO series. My favorite tale from your magazine is "The Works . In Wax!"

Dusty Gann

Pembroke, GA

You're the best out of the three. All your stories are the best. My favorite is "Bats in My Belfry!". What is your favorite? Well tell them to keep making them cool.

Jevin Claxton

Royce City, TX

You are awesome! Just plain awesome! I love your comics! Actually, some of the stories are weird, but I just don't care! Me and my sister started collecting your comics. They're great! I've watched your show so many times!

Nishad Majmudar

Pittsburgh, PA

Department of Community Management and Circulation
 (Revised by 20 v 0 c 2000)

TO: **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**

FROM: **ISSUE #1**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #2**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #3**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #4**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #5**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #6**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #7**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #8**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #9**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #10**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #11**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #12**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #13**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #14**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #15**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #16**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #17**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #18**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #19**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #20**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #21**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #22**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #23**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #24**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #25**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #26**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #27**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #28**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #29**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #30**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #31**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #32**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #33**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #34**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #35**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #36**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #37**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #38**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #39**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #40**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #41**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #42**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #43**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #44**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #45**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #46**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #47**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #48**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #49**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #50**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #51**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #52**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #53**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #54**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #55**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #56**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #57**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #58**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #59**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #60**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #61**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #62**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #63**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #64**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #65**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #66**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #67**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #68**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #69**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #70**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #71**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #72**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #73**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #74**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #75**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #76**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #77**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #78**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #79**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #80**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #81**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #82**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #83**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #84**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #85**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #86**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #87**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #88**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #89**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #90**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #91**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #92**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #93**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #94**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #95**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #96**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #97**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #98**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #99**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #100**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #101**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #102**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #103**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #104**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #105**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #106**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #107**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #108**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #109**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #110**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #111**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #112**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #113**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #114**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #115**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #116**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #117**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #118**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #119**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #120**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #121**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #122**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #123**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #124**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #125**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #126**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #127**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #128**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #129**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #130**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #131**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #132**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #133**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #134**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #135**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #136**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #137**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #138**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #139**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #140**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #141**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #142**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #143**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #144**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #145**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #146**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #147**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #148**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #149**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #150**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #151**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #152**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #153**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #154**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #155**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #156**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #157**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #158**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #159**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #160**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #161**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #162**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #163**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #164**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #165**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #166**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #167**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #168**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #169**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #170**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #171**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #172**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #173**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #174**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #175**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #176**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #177**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #178**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #179**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #180**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #181**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #182**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #183**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #184**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #185**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #186**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #187**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #188**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #189**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #190**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #191**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #192**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #193**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #194**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #195**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #196**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #197**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #198**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #199**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #200**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #201**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #202**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #203**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #204**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #205**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #206**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #207**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #208**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #209**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #210**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #211**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #212**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #213**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #214**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #215**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #216**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #217**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #218**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #219**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #220**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #221**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #222**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #223**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #224**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #225**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #226**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #227**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #228**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #229**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #230**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #231**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #232**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #233**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #234**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #235**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #236**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #237**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #238**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #239**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #240**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #241**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #242**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #243**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #244**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #245**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #246**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #247**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #248**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #249**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #250**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #251**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #252**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #253**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #254**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #255**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #256**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #257**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #258**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #259**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #260**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #261**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #262**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #263**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #264**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #265**

DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #266**

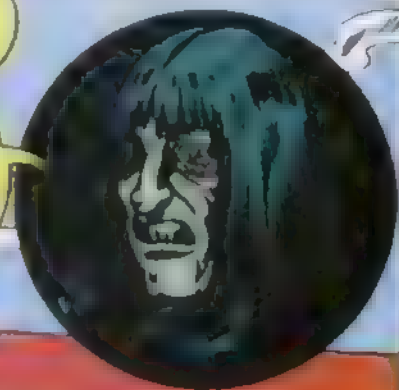
DATE: **10/1/00**

TO: **ISSUE #267**

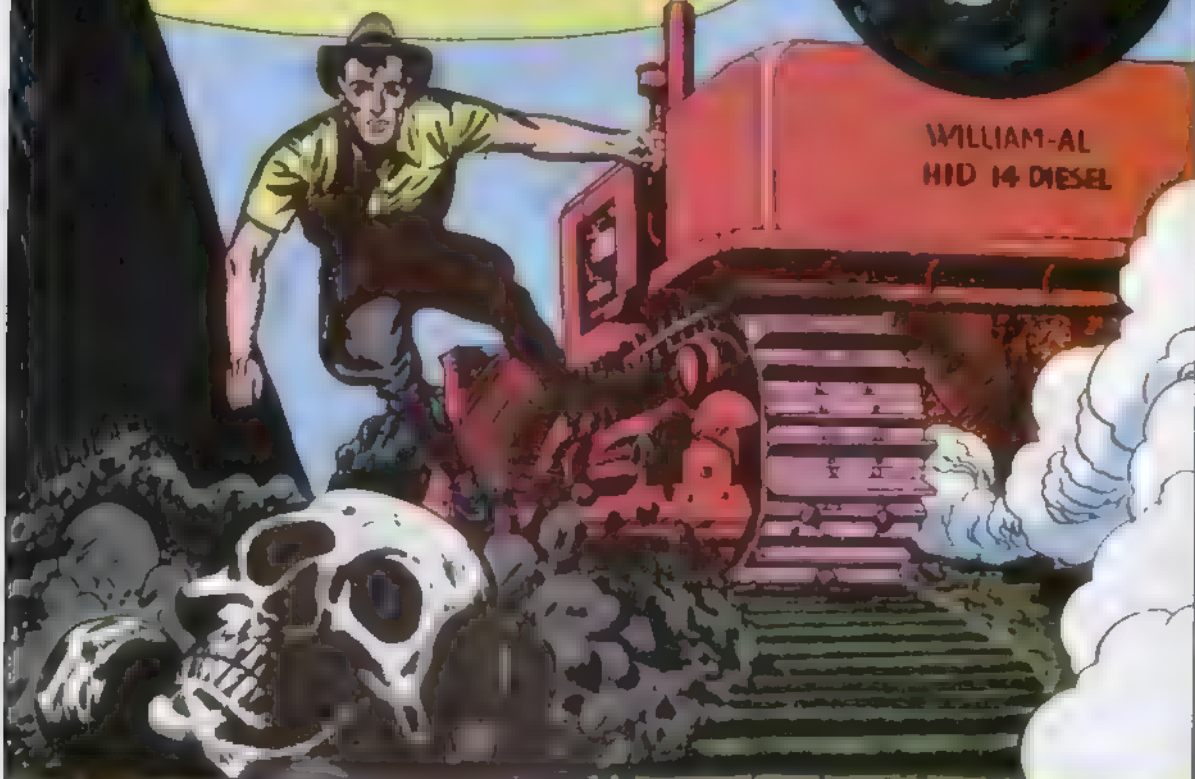
DATE:

HERE'S A HAIR-RAISING TALE OF
TERROR! I CALL THIS ONE...

INDIAN BURIAL MOUND



WILLIAM-AL
HID 14 DIESEL



OLD HIRAM BECKER RAISED HIS HAND TO SHADE HIS EYES FROM THE BLARING SUN AND GAZED DOWN THE DIRT ROAD AT THE CLOUD OF DUST MOVING TOWARD HIM.

HMMMM! HERE COMES THAT
CITY FELLER WHO'S INTERESTED
IN BUYIN' MY FARM! RIGHT
ON TIME, TOO!



SOON A SLEEK, DUSTY AUTOMOBILE DREW UP AND A YOUNG MAN GOT OUT

YOU THE FELLER WHAT
CALLED ME ON THE
PHONE 'BOUT BUYIN'
THE FARM?

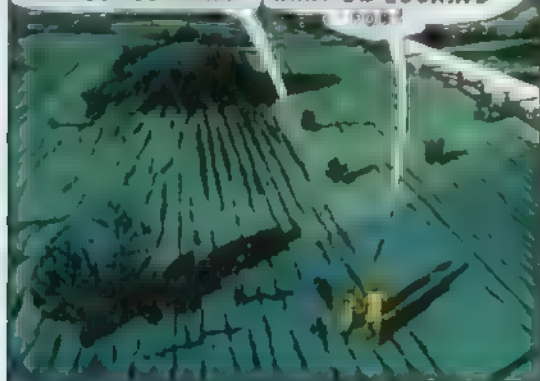
THAT'S RIGHT! YOU
MUST BE HIRAM BECKER!
MY NAME IS ROY
MADISON.



HIRAM TURNED AND Gesticulated TOWARD THE OPEN FIELDS AND THE RAMSHACKLE FARM HOUSE...

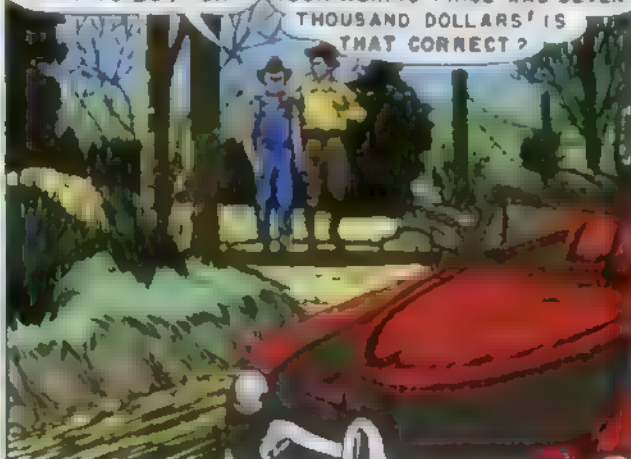
WELL...THAR SHE IS!
WHAT DO YOU THINK?

PERFECT! EXACTLY
WHAT I'M LOOKING



YOU MEAN YOU STILL
WANT TO BUY 'ER?

OF COURSE! THE LISTING SAID
YOUR ASKING PRICE WAS SEVEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS! IS
THAT CORRECT?



YEP! YOU CAN
HAVE 'ER .LOCK,
STOCK AND
BARREL FOR
THAT AMOUNT!

GOOD! THEN
IT'S A DEAL!
SHALL WE GO
UP TO THE
HOUSE AND
SIGN THE
NECESSARY
PAPERS?



HIRAM GOT INTO ROY'S CAR AND
THEY DROVE UP THE DUSTY
ROAD TO THE HOUSE

SAY, YOUNG FELLER! GO AHEAD
MIND IF I ASK YOU
A QUESTION?



YOU'RE NO FARMER!
I KIN TELL THAT!
WHAT DO YOU WANT
THIS OL' FARM FOR,

I'M GOING
TO TURN IT
INTO AN
AIRPORT
AND FLY-
ING SCHOOL,
MR. DECKER!



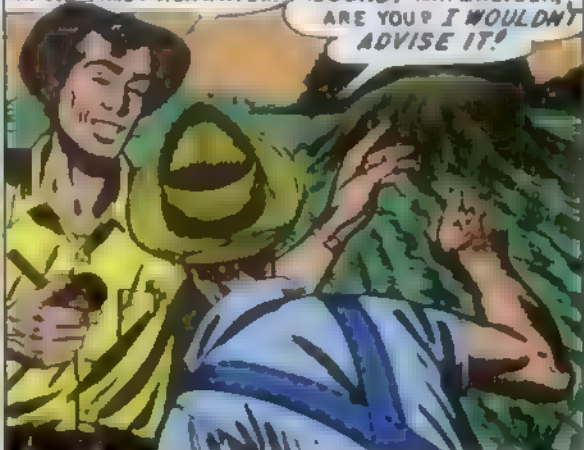
AIRPORT! FLYING
SCHOOL!

IT'S A PERFECT LOCATION
JUST OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAY.
FIVE MILES FROM TOWN! AND
LOOK AT IT! THE LAND IS
PERFECT! ALMOST
FLAT! EXCEPT FOR
THAT SMALL HILL
OUT THERE



AND A BULL-DOZER
WILL LEVEL THAT OFF
IN JIG TIME! RUNWAYS...

YOU AIN'T GONNA BULL-
DOZE THAT INDIAN
MOUND, MR. MADISON,
ARE YOU? I WOULDN'T
ADVISE IT!



INDIAN MOUND?
WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S A BURIAL
MOUND! THE INDIANS
THAT ONCE ROAMED
THESE PARTS BURIED
THEIR DEAD UNDER
MOUNDS LIKE THAT
ONE!

WELL IT I WOULDN'T **TOUGH**
THAT MOUND IF I
WILL HAVE WERE YOU, MR MAD-
TO GO' ISON' SEE? MY FUR-
ROWS GO AROUND IT'
THERE'S A LEGEND
ABOUT THEM INDIAN
MOUNDS'

ANYONE WHO VIO-
LATES THE RESTING
PLACE OF THE DEAD
WILL BE **PUNISHED**
BY THEIR SPIRITS.

BAH! THAT'S
JUST IGNORANT
**SUPERSTI-
TION!** WELL!
SHALL WE
CONCLUDE
OUR DEAL...

AND SO ROY MADISON AND HIRAN BECKER SIGNED
THE BILL OF SALE AND THE BECKER FARM WAS
TURNED OVER TO ROY

AND HERE'S YOUR CHECK, MR
BECKER' NOW, HOW SOON DO
YOU THINK I CAN BEGIN MOV-
ING IN MY EQUIPMENT?

WHY, **ANYTIME,**
MR MADISON' I
I'M WONDERIN' IF
YOU'LL NEED A HAND
TO **HELP** YOU FOR A
WHILE

... YOU SEE, I AIN'T GOT NO
FAMILY, AND I'LL NEED
WORK TILL I KIN FIND
ME A NEW FARM

OKAY, BECKER' YOU CAN
STICK AROUND' BUT
REMEMBER' YOU'RE
WORKING FOR **ME,**
NOW'

THE NEXT DAY, THE LOUD ROAR OF A HUGE BULL DOZER
ECHOED OVER ROY MADISON'S NEWLY ACQUIRED FARM

WE'LL LEAVE THE **HOUSE**
STANDING FOR AWHILE TILL
THE **LAND** IS CLEARED'

THAT THERE BULL DOZER
SHORE IS A POWERFUL
PIECE OF MACHINERY

SOON THE SHEDS AND BARN THE FENCES AND
TREES HAVE ALL BEEN CLEARED AWAY

THERE' THAT TAKES CARE
OF THAT' NOW TO LEVEL
THE **LAND**

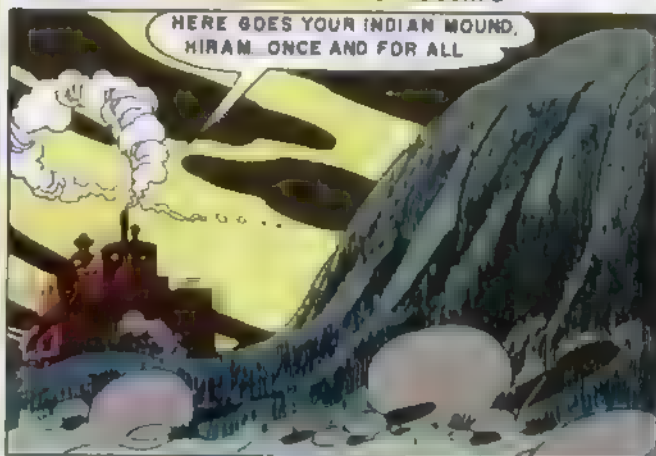
MR MADISON' YOU
GONNA PLOW UP
THAT **INDIAN**
MOUND?



YES, SIR! JUST WATCH ME, HIRAM! JUST WATCH!

REMEMBER, MR. MADISON! I WARNED YUH!

THE HUGE BULL-DOZER ROARED AS ROY THREW HER INTO FORWARD GEAR! SLOWLY IT BORE DOWN UPON THE SMALL RISE ON THE OTHERWISE FLAT LANDSCAPE.



HERE GOES YOUR INDIAN MOUND, HIRAM! ONCE AND FOR ALL!

COUGHING AND BARKING, THE BULL-DOZER'S POWERFUL TREADS SHOVED ITS GLEAMING PLOW INTO THE INDIAN MOUND.



...TORE UP TREMENDOUS CHUNKS OF BLACK SOIL AND FLUNG THEM ASIDE...



...THEN SPUTTERED TO A STOP HALF-WAY THROUGH THE ANCIENT BURIAL SITE...



WHAT IN BLAZES...? SHE'S CONKED OUT!

ROY SWUNG HIMSELF DOWN FROM THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF THE MECHANICAL MONSTER AS OLD HIRAM CAME ON THE RUN...

WHAT HAPPENED, MR. MADISON? DON'T KNOW, HIRAM! ENGINE JUST DIED ON ME! SHE... GOOD LORD... LOOK!



ROY BENT AND PICKED UP A WHITENED, GRINNING SKULL...

IT...IT MUST BE THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THE POOR DEVILS THAT WAS BURIED HERE!

LISTEN, MR. MADISON! LISTEN! DRUMS...



ROY AND HIRAM TURNED THEIR HEADS SKYWARD! FROM FAR OFF CAME THE SOUND OF TOM-TOMS... THROBBING... PULSATING...

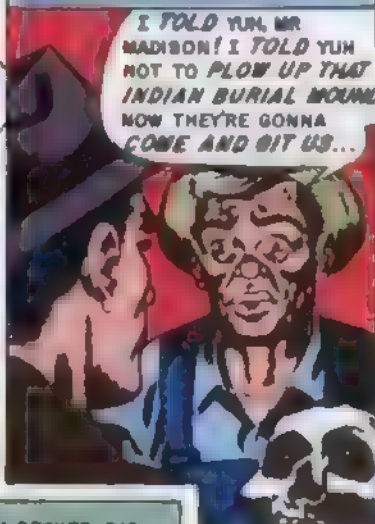
IT'S THE INDIAN SPIRITS! YOU'VE GOT 'EM RILED UP!

DON'T BE FOOLISH, HIRAM! THAT'S JUST HEAT LIGHTNING... IN THAT THUNDERHEAD UP THERE...



HIRAM TURNED WIDE-EYED TO THE SKULL IN ROY'S HAND...

I TOLD YUH, MR MADISON! I TOLD YUH NOT TO PLOW UP THAT INDIAN BURIAL MOUND. NOW THEY'RE GONNA COME AND BIT US...



HIRAM SPUN AND RAN WILDLY OUT ACROSS THE FIELD

COME BACK, HIRAM. COME BACK!

NOT ME, MR MADISON! I'M NOT SCARED AROUND HERE.



ROY WATCHED AS THE FLEEING HIRAM BECKER DISAPPEARED DOWN THE ROAD IN A FLASH OF SMOKE AND DUST. HE HEARD A CLAP OF THUNDER EXPLODED OVERHEAD AND IT BEGAN TO RAIN! ROY PLUNGED THE GRINNING SKULL TO THE GROUND...

DRAST THE LUCK! FIRST THE BULL-DOZER GONKS OUT AND NOW THIS! RAIN! I'LL HAVE TO QUIT FOR TODAY!



THEN ROY SPURTED TO THE HOUSE JUST AS THE RAIN BEGAN TO FALL IN HEAVY SHEETS! HE SLAMMED THE DOOR AND CURSED! OUTSIDE IT WAS GETTING DARK

SUPERSTITIOUS FOOL! AFRAID OF AN OLD LEGEND



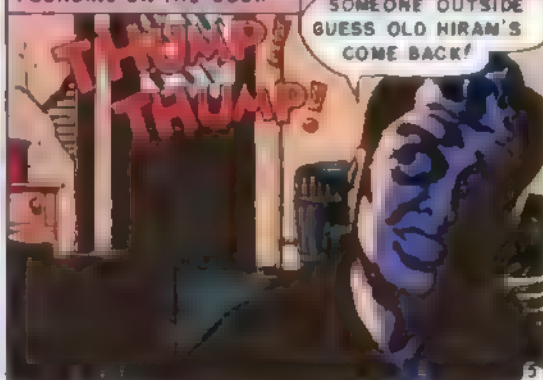
LATER, AS NIGHT CLOSED IN ON THE RAMSHACKLE FARM HOUSE, ROY SAT NEAR THE FIRE! OUTSIDE, THE RAIN BEAT INCESSANTLY ON THE ROTTED ROOF! SUDDENLY, THE DISTANT SOUND OF TOM-TOMS BEGAN AGAIN...

WHAT'S THAT? DRUMS? BAH! IT'S ONLY MY IMAGINATION! THE OLD MAN'S GOT ME JUMPY NOW!



BUT THE STEADY DRUMMING OF THE TOM-TOMS SEEMED TO DRAW CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE OLD FARMHOUSE! ROY BEGAN TO SHIVER! FEAR CLUTCHED AT HIS HEART! A COLD CHILL RAN UP HIS SPINE! SUDDENLY THERE WAS A HEAVY POUNDING ON THE DOOR

SOMEONE OUTSIDE GUESS OLD HIRAM'S COME BACK!



ROY FLUNG OPEN THE BATTERED DOOR AND GAZED OUTSIDE INTO THE BLACKNESS

THAT YOU, HIRAM? I THOUGHT YOU'D THINK IT ON MY GOD! NO! NO!

AMID THE STEADY THROBBING OF THE RAIN CAME A CLEAR UNMISTAKABLE SOUND... THE BLOOD-CURLING SHRIEK OF ROY MADISON...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHH!

AS THE SUN ROSE OVER THE OLD FARM, THE SKY HAD CLEARED HERE AND THERE. PUDDLES OF WATER ATTESTED TO THE FACT THAT IT HAD RAINED ALL THAT NIGHT! A LONG, STRETCHING, MUD-LOGGED MUD ROAD...

I WONDER IF MR MADISON'S SORE AT ME! GUESS I'M OUT OF A JOB

IT WAS OLD HIRAM BECKER, HE CROSSED THE RAIN-SOAKED FIELD TOWARD THE HOUSE! SUDDENLY HE STOPPED AND STARED IN AMAZEMENT! THE BULL-DOZER SAT SILENTLY IN A MUDDY PUDDLE NEAR THE INDIAN BURIAL MOUND! BUT THE MOUND...

THE INDIAN MOUND! IT'S BEEN REPAIRED! IT'S ALL BUILT UP AGAIN!

HIRAM TURNED TOWARD THE WATER LOGGED HOUSE! IT STOOD DARK AND SOMBRE IN THE MORNING SUNLIGHT! HE MOVED TOWARD IT SWUNG OPEN THE BATTERED DOOR

MR MAD SON! I GOOD LORD!

HIRAM STARED DOWN AT THE CRUMPLED FIGURE OF ROY MADISON STRETCHED OUT IN A DRIED POOL OF BLOOD ON THE DUSTY FLOOR! HE STIFFLED THE FEELING OF NAUSEA THAT SWEEPED OVER HIM

HOW HORRIBLE! HE HE'S BEEN SCALPED!

HEH, HEH! WELL, I TOLD YOU, KIDDIES! I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A HAIR-RAISING TALE! HOW HAIR-RAISING CAN ONE GET? OH, BY THE WAY! KNOW ANYBODY THAT'S LOOKING FOR A FARM? HIRAM BECKER'S IS STILL FOR SALE! ONLY ONE THING! RIGHT SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF IT IS AN INDIAN BURIAL MOUND! IF YOU'VE GOT A CUSTOMER FOR IT, YOU'D BETTER TELL HIM NOT TO TRY TO LEVEL IT! OR ELSE HE MIGHT BE LEVELED BY A TOM-AHAWK! OH DON'T FORGET TO READ THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER! AND NOW THE OLD WITCH WILL ENTERTAIN YOU.

HEH, HEH! WELL, I TOLD YOU, KIDDIES! I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A HAIR-RAISING TALE! HOW HAIR-RAISING CAN ONE GET? OH, BY THE WAY! KNOW ANYBODY THAT'S LOOKING FOR A FARM? HIRAM BECKER'S IS STILL FOR SALE! ONLY ONE THING! RIGHT SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF IT IS AN INDIAN BURIAL MOUND! IF YOU'VE GOT A CUSTOMER FOR IT, YOU'D BETTER TELL HIM NOT TO TRY TO LEVEL IT! OR ELSE HE MIGHT BE LEVELED BY A TOM-AHAWK! OH DON'T FORGET TO READ THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER! AND NOW THE OLD WITCH WILL ENTERTAIN YOU.

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! YEP! THE FIRE'S CRACKLING UNDER MY CAULDRON! THE EVIL BREW, BUBBLING AND GURGLING, IS JUST ABOUT FINISHED! COME IN! COME INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! I AM YOUR HOSTESS THE OLD WITCH... READY TO DISH OUT ANOTHER OF MY DELICIOUS MORSELS OF MADNESS! GOT YOUR DROOL-CUPS FASTENED SECURELY? GOOO! THEN I'LL BEGIN THE TERRORIZING TALE I CALL

POLITICAL PULL!



IT WAS A BRIGHT SUNNY SUNDAY MORNING IN JULY OF 1892 IN A SMALL SEACOAST TOWN THAT MY STORY HAD ITS BEGINNING! THE DOORS OF THE LITTLE WHITE CHURCH THAT STOOD IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE HAD JUST BEEN OPENED, AND THE MORNING WORSHIPERS WERE FILING OUT...

A FINE SERMON, REVEREND!

OH, MR. MAYOR! LET ME THANK YOU AGAIN FOR YOUR GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION TO OUR STAINED-GLASS WINDOW FUND! IT SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO FILL OUR QUOTA! PERHAPS THE WINDOW WILL BE INSTALLED BY THE TIME THE ELECTION ROLLS AROUND!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, REVEREND! I ONLY WISH I COULD HAVE GIVEN *MORE!* BUT, AS YOU KNOW, BEING AN *HONEST* POLITICIAN DOES NOT MAKE A MAN *RICH!*

AND THAT IS WHY YOU HAVE BEEN *RE-ELECTED* SO OFTEN, MAYOR FULTON! BECAUSE THE TOWNSFOLK *KNOW* YOU ARE AN *HONORABLE* MAN!



MEANWHILE NEARBY CYRUS MANGATE, MAYOR JED FULTON'S OPPONENT IN THE COMING ELECTION, SNARLED TO HIMSELF.

HMMPH! LOOK AT HIM! *RIGHTEOUS* OLD STUFFED-SHIRT! THREE TIMES HE'S BEATEN ME FOR THE MAYORALTY! *THREE TIMES!* BUT THIS TIME *THIS TIME* WILL BE *DIFFERENT...*



AFTER THE USUAL SUNDAY MORNING GREETINGS AND IDLE CHATTER WAS FINISHED, MAYOR FULTON MADE HIS WAY HOME.

MAYOR FULTON! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

AH MY WORTHY OPPONENT... MR. MANGATE!

I'D LIKE TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU, SIR! IT'S VERY *IMPORTANT!*

WHY NOT HAVE LUNCH WITH ME, MR. MANGATE? MY *SERVANT* HAS THE DAY OFF... AND I'D WELCOME THE *COMPANY!*

I'D BE DELIGHTED TO, SIR! ARE YOU SURE...

NO TROUBLE, MANGATE! NO TROUBLE AT ALL! WHILE WE ARE DINING, WE CAN TALK



[LATER, AFTER THE TWO POLITICAL OPPONENTS HAD EATEN A HEARTY MEAL LAUGHING ABOUT PAST ELECTIONS, MR. MANGATE PROPOSED A TOAST

LET'S DRINK TO *THIS* ELECTION, JED! I KNOW I CAN'T *BEAT* YOU...

NONSENSE, CYRUS! YOU CAN'T TELL.



CYRUS DREW A SMALL SQUARE OF FOLDED PAPER FROM HIS POCKET AND EMPTIED THE CONTENTS INTO THE MAYOR'S DRINK.

MAYBE THIS TIME WILL BE *YOUR CHANGE*, CYRUS!

MAYBE, MR. MAYOR! MAYBE YOU'RE *RIGHT!*





HERE YOU ARE!
WELL...

MAY THE BEST
MAN WIN!



MAYOR FULTON DRAINED HIS
GLASS! CYRUS STUDIED HIM

PHW! BAH! WINE'S
BAD! POOR VINTAGE!
TASTED BITTER!

IT TASTES
ALL RIGHT
TO ME,
JED!



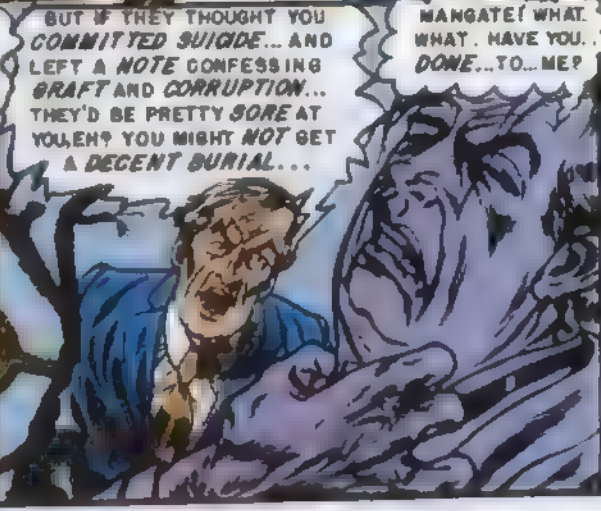
THE TOWNSFOLK HAVE
ALWAYS RESPECTED YOU,
HAVEN'T THEY, JED?
THEY'VE ALWAYS
THOUGHT YOU WERE
AN HONORABLE...
GOD-FEARING...
RIGHTEOUS MAN!

THAT'S
RIGHT,
CYRUS!
I...I...



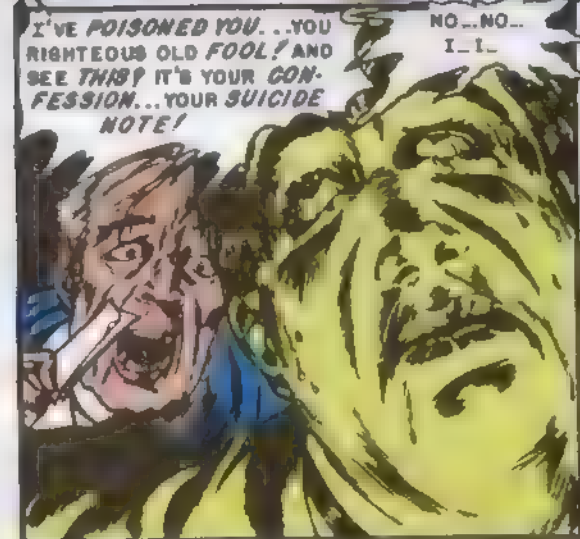
AND WHEN YOU DIE, YOU 'SPECT
THEY'LL GIVE YOU A RIGHT NICE
FUNERAL, EH?

WHY NOT? I...
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH ME? I
FEEL... FUNNY!



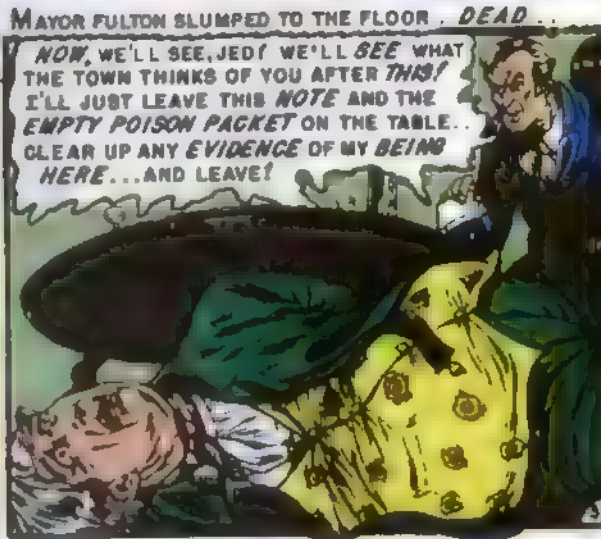
BUT IF THEY THOUGHT YOU
COMMITTED SUICIDE... AND
LEFT A NOTE CONFESSING
GRAFT AND CORRUPTION...
THEY'D BE PRETTY SORE AT
YOU, H? YOU MIGHT NOT GET
A DECENT BURIAL...

MANGATE! WHAT.
WHAT. HAVE YOU...
DONE... TO... ME?



I'VE POISONED YOU... YOU
RIGHTEOUS OLD FOOL! AND
SEE THIS? IT'S YOUR CON-
FESSION... YOUR SUICIDE
NOTE!

NO... NO...
I... I...



MAYOR FULTON SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR, DEAD.

NOW, WE'LL SEE, JED! WE'LL SEE WHAT
THE TOWN THINKS OF YOU AFTER THIS!
I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS NOTE AND THE
EMPTY POISON PACKET ON THE TABLE...
CLEAR UP ANY EVIDENCE OF MY BEING
HERE... AND LEAVE!

AFTER CAREFULLY REMOVING ANY TRACES OF HIS HAVING VISITED THE MAYOR'S HOUSE, CYRUS MANGATE SLIPPED OUT, UNSEEN...

HEH, HEH! WELL, JED! I GUESS THIS CINCHES MY ELECTION AND RUINS YOUR SPOT-LESS REPUTATION...

INSIDE THE HOUSE THE DRAFT FROM THE DOOR SWEEPED THE SUICIDE NOTE AND THE POISON PACKET FROM THE TABLE



THEY FLEW ACROSS THE ROOM COMING TO REST BENEATH A BOOK-CASE



HEE, HEE! YEP! CYRUS'S PLAN GOT FOULED! THE OLD BAG OF WIND DIDN'T COUNT ON A SLIGHT BREEZE! ANYWAY, WHEN THE SERVANT DISCOVERED MAYOR FULTON'S BODY, AND THE SUICIDE NOTE WAS NOT FOUND WITH IT... AN AUTOPSY WAS PERFORMED...



HE'S BEEN POISONED!
IT'S MURDER!

WHO WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT? THE WHOLE TOWN LOVED AND RESPECTED HIM!



OH, WHAT A FUNERAL THEY GAVE POOR MAYOR FULTON! EVERYBODY IN THE TOWN TURNED OUT TO MOURN HIS PASSING...

HE WAS A GOOD MAN!

THE BEST MAYOR THIS TOWN EVER HAD!

WE'LL GET THE SKUNK THAT DID THIS!



CYRUS WAS AT THE FUNERAL, TOO! THERE WERE MANY SUSPECTING GLANCES THROWN IN HIS DIRECTION...

I—I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THEY DIDN'T FIND THE SUICIDE NOTE! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED...

AND NOW WE COMMIT HIS BODY TO ITS FINAL RESTING PLACE...



THEN TWO DAYS AFTER THE FUNERAL, AS THE LOCAL POLICE WERE INVESTIGATING THE MAYOR'S DEATH...

HEY! LOOK AT THIS! I FOUND IT UNDER THE BOOK-CASE! WHY... IT'S A SUICIDE NOTE! IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF THIS TABLE...



AT FIRST, THE TOWNSFOLK WERE SHOCKED AT THE NEWS THAT THE MAYOR'S DEATH WAS A SUICIDE

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

WHY SHOULD HE DO SUCH A THING?

THE POLICE SAY THE NOTE CONFESSES STEALING

SOON, HOWEVER, CYRUS MANGATE HAD WORKED THE SHOCK INTO ANGER

AND WE TRUSTED HIM ALL THESE YEARS! BELIEVED IN HIM! NEVER DOUBTED HIS HONESTY! AND NOW HE LIES THERE...AMONG DECENT PEOPLE...IN THE CHURCH BURYIN' GROUNDS! ARE YOU GOING TO STAND FOR THAT? ARE YOU?

HE COMITTED SUICIDE! THAT'S A SIN! HE DON'T BELONG IN OUR CEMETERY...

YEAH! LET'S GET HIM OUT...

THAT'S RIGHT! SUICIDE'S A SIN...

ALL THESE YEARS POSING AS AN UPSTANDING, GOD-FEARIN' MAN...

AND ALL THE TIME STEALIN'

THE ANGRY NOB MOVED INTO THE CEMETERY SHOOTING CURSING LED BY CYRUS MANGATE

WE'LL TOSS 'IM IN THE SEA...

AIN'T NO ROOM IN OUR BURYIN' GROUNDS FOR A SINNER...

ANXIOUS HANDS WIELDED SPADES AND SHOVELS DIGGING UP THE FRESH GRAVE

THERE! YOU'VE STRUCK THE COFFIN...

LET'S GET THE ROPES ON IT AND HAUL 'IM UP!

THE COFFIN WAS CARRIED TO THE WATERFRONT WHERE IT WAS WRAPPED IN CHAINS TO WEIGHT IT

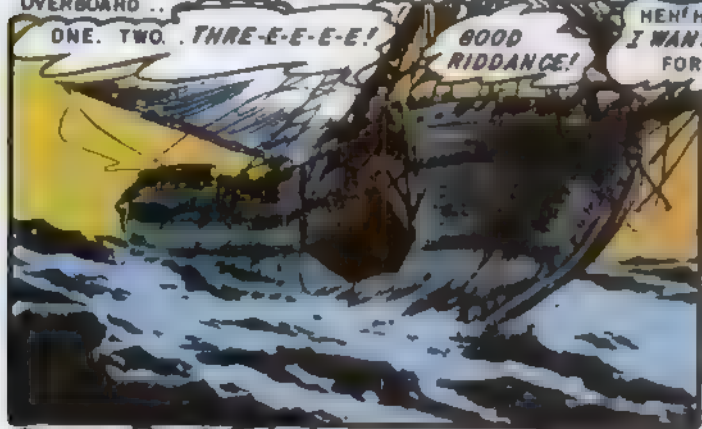
THERE! THAT OUGHT TO SINK FAST!

PUT IT ABOARD! WE'LL TAKE 'IM OUT AND DUMP 'IM!

THE WEIGHTED COFFIN CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF JED FULTON WAS TAKEN OUT TO SEA AND THROWN OVERBOARD...

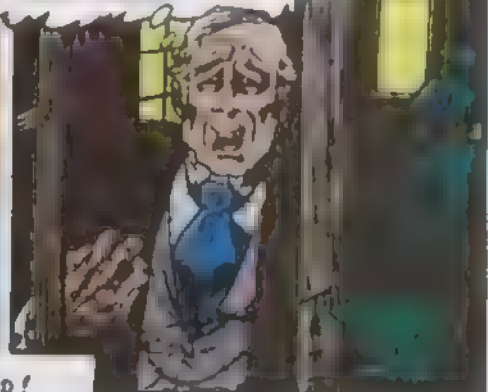
ONE. TWO. *THRE-E-E-E-E!*

GOOD RIDDANCE!



AT ELECTION TIME, CYRUS MANGATE WAS UNOPPOSED! HE WAS UNANIMOUSLY ELECTED MAYOR

HEH! HEH! NOW I HAVE *EVERYTHING I WANT!* EVERYTHING I'VE WANTED FOR *TWELVE YEARS...*



... AND RIGHTEOUS OLD JED FULTON'S NAME HAS BEEN *SMEARED GOOD!* NOW HE LIES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. NOT *GOOD ENOUGH* TO BE BURIED IN THE CHURCH CEMETERY



AND SO, THE YEAR PASSED! THE TOWN SOON FORGOT JED FULTON! ONE WARM SUMMER DAY.

HOWDY, MAYOR?

HOWDY, CLEM! LIKE TO COME ALONG? I'M GOM' FISHIN'!



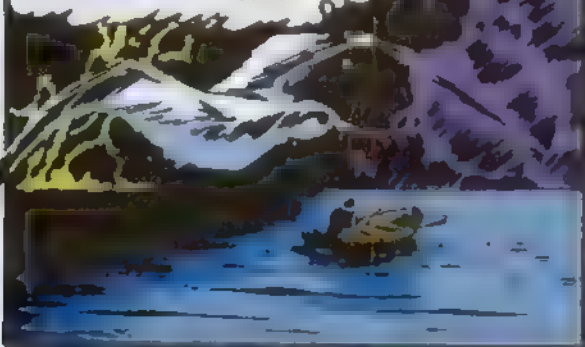
SORRY, MAYOR! MARTHAS WAITIN' ON ME! I GUESS YOU'LL WANT A ROW-BOAT!

YEP! I AIM TO CATCH ME A MESS OF PORGIES!



WHEN MAYOR CYRUS MANGATE HAD REACHED HIS FAVORITE FISHING SPOT, HE TOSSED OVER THE ANCHOR! AFTER AN HOUR WITH NO BITES HE LOOKED AROUND.

HMMM! FISH AINT BITIN'! LOOKS LIKE A *STORM COMIN' UP!* I'D BETTER QUIT FOR TODAY!



CYRUS BEGAN TO HAUL AT THE ANCHOR ROPE! THE ANCHOR REFUSED TO COME UP! IT WAS STUCK.

THAT'S FUNNY! THAT THERE'S A *SANDY BOTTOM!* AIN'T NO ROCKS DOWN THERE! UGGH!



AS CYRUS STRUGGLED WITH THE ANCHOR ROPE, HE KNOCKED THE OARS OVERBOARD...

UGGH! I...I... **BLAST IT!**
THERE GO THE OARS!



THE WIND BEGAN TO BLOW AND THE SKY DARKENED! CYRUS CURSED HIS CLUMSINESS AT HAVING LOST HIS OARS...

I'D BETTER NOT CUT MYSELF ADrift!
I MIGHT BE BLOWN OUT TO SEA...



SOON THE FULL FURY OF THE STORM LASHED AT THE TINY ROWBOAT! IT TOSSED AND SWUNG ABOUT! CYRUS STARED AT THE ANCHOR ROPE...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT'S CAUGHT
ON... BUT ANYWAY I HOPE IT HOLDS!
I...I... WHAT'S THAT?



CYRUS HAD CAUGHT SIGHT OF SOMETHING WHITE JUST BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE WATER NEAR THE ANCHOR ROPE! HE STARED INTO THE DARKNESS! SUDDENLY HE GASPED! A ROTTED HAND REACHED UP OVER THE SIDE OF THE STORM-TOSSED ROWBOAT...

GOOD LORD! WHO...
WHO ARE YOU?



SUDDENLY THE FOUL-SMELLING STENCH OF WATER-ROTTED FLESH SEARED CYRUS'S NOSTRILS! A FISH-PITTED FACE APPEARED... THEN A ROTTED NECK... DECAYED SHOULDERS...

NO...NO! IT
CAN'T BE...



A WHITENED HAND SHOT FORWARD... GRASPING CYRUS BY THE LEG! THEN THE THING BEGAN TO PULL! THE THING WAS STRONG! CYRUS COULDN'T HOLD ON! HE FELT HIMSELF SLID-
ING OVERBOARD...

JED! LET ME GO! LET ME
GO! **EE EEEAAGH!**



AND SO, WITH A GURGLE AND A GULP, MY STORY ENDS! **POOR CYRUS!** HE DIDN'T END UP IN THE NICE, NEAT LITTLE CEMETERY BEHIND THE SMALL WHITE CHURCH, EITHER! WELL... IT'S LIKE ONE OF THE TOWNSFOLK SAID! THERE WASN'T ROOM THERE FOR **SIN-NERS!** WHAT'S THAT? WHAT ABOUT JED? HE WAS NO **SIN-NER!** OH, BUT HE **WAS!** THOSE THINGS IN THE SUICIDE NOTE WERE **TRUE!** C'MON! DID YOU EVER MEET AN **HONEST POLITI-GIAN?** HEE, HEE!



**HEE-HEE! I'M GOING TO DO
LIKE THESE TWO GOOFY
GHOULUNATICS, AND GET MY
OWN SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ALL
THE EC COMICS!**



SUBSCRIBE!

AND GET ANY OR ALL OF THE FABULOUS
EC COMICS DELIVERED DIRECT TO YOUR
CRYPT, VAULT, HAUNT OR HOUSE IN A
STOUT, ILLUSTRATED MANILA ENVELOPE!

GEMSTONE PUBLISHING

PO BOX 469
WEST PLAINS, MO 65775
417-256-2224
or call 1-800-EC CRYPT



START MY 4-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FOLLOWING
EC COMICS:

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|--|-------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CRYPT | <input type="checkbox"/> WEIRD SCIENCE | <input type="checkbox"/> SHOCK |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VAULT | <input type="checkbox"/> WEIRD FANTASY | <input type="checkbox"/> TWO-FISTED |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HAUNT | <input type="checkbox"/> INCREDIBLE SF | <input type="checkbox"/> CRIME |

NAME & ADDRESS:

REMIT \$8 EACH (\$12 OUTSIDE US IN US FUNDS)
DON'T CUT IF YOU DON'T WANT TO.
PHOTOCOPY ON YOUR OWN PAPER OKAY

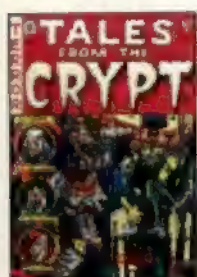
ALL SUBS START WITH "NEXT" ISSUE
PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 8.225% SALES TAX
MARYLAND RESIDENTS MUST ADD 5% SALES TAX

YET MORE EC COMICS!!

FOR APPROXIMATELY A YEAR, GLADSTONE PUBLISHED A LINE OF EC REPRINT COMICS CONSISTING OF THE TITLES SHOWN BELOW. EACH ISSUE CONTAINED 64 PAGES IN FULL COMIC BOOK COLOR, THE FIRST 32 FROM THE 'KEY' TITLE AND THE LAST 32 FROM A SECOND TITLE. IN ADDITION, THERE ARE OCCASIONAL ARTICLES ABOUT THE MACABRE IN LITERATURE, A THEN-CURRENT LETTER COLUMN AND OTHER READER-WRITTEN FEATURES.

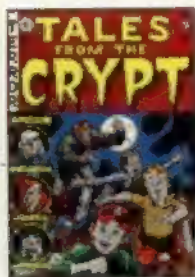
RUSS COCHRAN NOW HAS THE ENTIRE BACKSTOCK OF GLADSTONE'S EC REPRINT LINE! **EVERY ISSUE** IS IN STOCK AND AVAILABLE FOR IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT. COMPLETE YOUR EC COLLECTION BY PURCHASING THESE COMICS!



GLAD CRYPT #1



GLAD CRYPT #2



GLAD CRYPT #3



GLAD CRYPT #4



GLAD CRYPT #5



GLAD CRYPT #6



GLAD VAULT #1



GLAD VAULT #2



GLAD VAULT #3



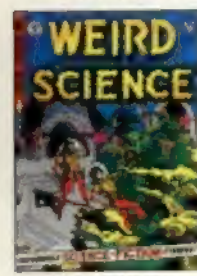
GLAD VAULT #4



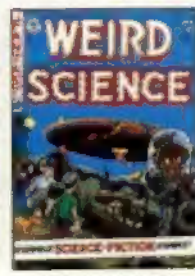
GLAD VAULT #5



GLAD VAULT #6



GLAD WEIRD #1



GLAD WEIRD #2



GLAD WEIRD #3



GLAD WEIRD #4



GLAD HAUNT #1



GLAD HAUNT #2

CONTENTS OF GLADSTONE EC COMICS

GLAD CRYPT

#1: CRYPT 33 (1952)
CRIME 17 (1953)

#2: CRYPT 35 (1953)
CRIME 18 (1951)

#3: CRYPT 39 (1953)
CRIME 1 (1950)

#4: CRYPT 18 (1950)
CRIME 16 (1953)

#5: CRYPT 45 (1954)
CRIME 5 (1951)

#6: CRYPT 42 (1954)
CRIME 27 (1955)

GLAD VAULT

#1: VAULT 34 (1953)
HAUNT 1 (1950)

#2: VAULT 27 (1952)
HAUNT 19 (1953)

#3: HAUNT 22 (1953)
VAULT 13 (1950)

#4: VAULT 23 (1952)
HAUNT 13 (1952)

#5: VAULT 19 (1951)
W FAN 8 (1951)

#6: VAULT 32 (1953)
W FAN 6 (1951)

GLAD WEIRD SCIENCE

#1: W SCI 22 (1953)
W FAN 1 (1950)

#2: W SCI 16 (1953)
W FAN 17 (1950)

#3: W SCI 9 (1951)
W FAN 14 (1950)

#4: W S-F 27 (1955)
W FAN 11 (1952)

GLAD HAUNT

#1: HAUNT 17 (1952)
W S-F 28 (1955)

#2: HAUNT 5 (1950)
W S-F 29 (1955)

WHEN ORDERING, PLEASE IDENTIFY AS **GLAD TITLE ISSUE #**: FOR EXAMPLE "GLAD CRYPT #1." GLAD CRYPT #1 IS \$5; GLAD CRYPT #4, GLAD WEIRD #1 AND #4 ARE \$4 EACH; ALL OTHER ISSUES ARE \$3 EACH. INCLUDE \$5 PER ORDER FOR S&H (\$10 OUTSIDE US).

US FUNDS ONLY

MISSOURI RESIDENTS MUST ADD 6.225% SALES TAX
GEMSTONE PUBLISHING 417-256-2224

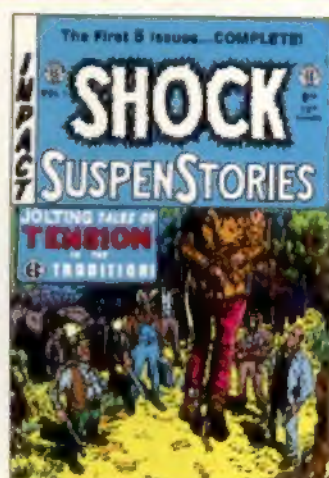
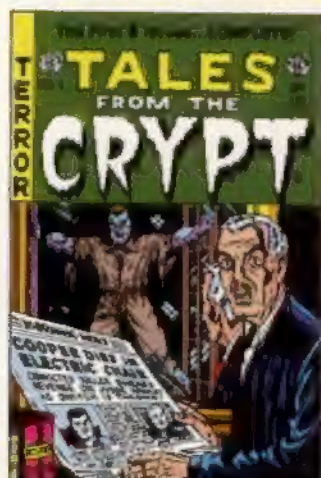
PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

MARYLAND RESIDENTS MUST ADD 5% SALES TAX
POB 469 WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

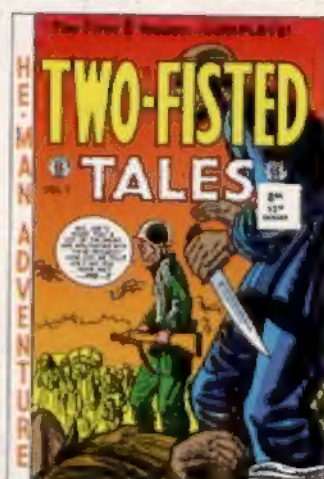
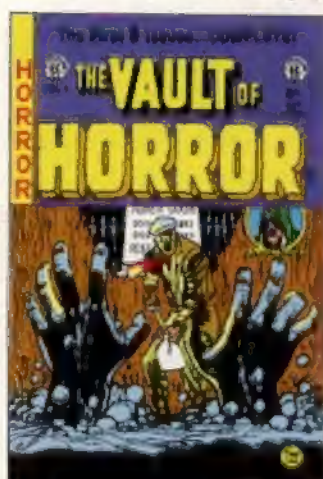
OR TO ORDER CALL 1-800-EC CRYPT AND ASK FOR THE ORDER DESK. USE THIS NUMBER FOR ORDERS ONLY!

COLLECT THEM ALL!

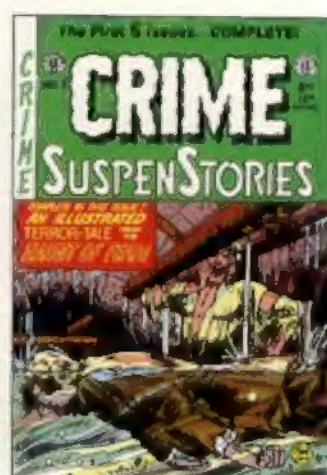
WE KNOW HOW EASY IT IS TO LOSE ONE OF YOUR BACK ISSUES, SO WE'VE PACKAGED THESE NEW SQUAREBOUND "ANNUALS" JUST FOR YOU! EACH OF THE FOLLOWING CONTAINS THE FIRST FIVE ISSUES—COMPLETE WITH COVERS—OF EACH TITLE. SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED SO ORDER NOW!



AVAILABLE 8/2/94



AVAILABLE 9/6/94



AVAILABLE 10/4/94

PRINTED IN U.S.A.